

My Desires (Come Undone)

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My Desires (Come Undone)

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

“I’m not being a brat,” George spits out more confidently. “You’re the one that expects me to get fucked by *that thing*.”

Or, Dream and George make do of the distance between them by getting a fucking machine, and then they meet up.

Notes

hi !! so lately writing has been very difficult for me, i'm very uninspired to finish anything, and it's a surprise i was able to get this done.

but i have flame aka my fucking lifesaver to thank for that. go check out their ao3, they're

such an amazing writer and an even better friend and i am so glad i met them !!

[flame's ao3](#)

[flame's twitter](#)

enjoy !!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Purple Prose

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I got it hooked up.

The message was sent two hours ago, George putting off the very thing that will be the cause of his undoing. He knew what it meant, what he would be putting himself through when he finally decided to reply to Dream's text.

It had been Dream's idea; what started as a stupid joke between friends had shifted into a full-blown conversation about how much Dream wanted to control him. George would be putting every last ounce of trust he had in the blond's hands, even if those hands were an ocean away.

With shaky hands, he finally opens their messages. And maybe holding off until now to reply wasn't the brightest idea George has ever had, especially when he knows the blond's temper, knows that Dream wants things done at a specific time.

The message sits in their Discord chat, staring back at George with the same amount of hesitance that crawls up his spine and envelops his entire being. He doesn't know why he feels so nervous, knowing that Dream would probably laugh about the irony of it all and call everything off. He wouldn't actually go through with it, make George suffer the consequences of *that*. Right?

He gulps, looking to the side, eyes landing on the malicious machine that Dream sent to him.

Shaking impure thoughts from his head, George turns back to his computer, fingers flying over his keyboard to *finally* respond to Dream.

hi :) sorry, was busy !!

He gets a reply instantly.

call me.

George gulps, spit feeling like molten lava slipping down the muscular expanse of his throat, thick and heavy. His heart hammers in his chest, chaotic butterflies flapping around every inch of his body, and he waits. He waits because he knows as soon as he's in the call, all control will be taken away from him and slipped into the grasp of Dream's hands.

A shaky breath crosses over the top of his lip.

Are they really going to do this?

The soft ding of another message pulls him out of his trance; ***now, George.***

Sighing, George hovers the cursor over the call button, flinching when he finally hears the ringing tone through his headphones, the sound barely having enough time to situate itself before it's interrupted by Dream's low timbre.

"George."

He doesn't reply, too nervous about speaking, scared of how small and weak he would sound

compared to the composed tone of the other. It only makes things worse, the blond's composure surely cracking as George hears a heavy sigh through the line.

"Do you have everything set up?" Dream asks, voice teetering between the edge of self-restraint and control.

"Mhm," George hums, too afraid of his own voice. He pulls his feet up to the chair, wrapping both arms around himself and resting his chin on his knees. If he could see himself, he's sure he'd look pathetic and submissive.

He hears Dream shuffle across the line, the soft patter of socks against hardwood floors, and the scuffle of his chair gliding against his mat.

"Well, are you ready? Or are you gonna be difficult today?"

He spots the means to his demise in his peripheral, tongue feeling heavy where it rests along sharp pastel canines.

"N-No," he can already feel himself slipping further into the other's rough, dominant demeanor, even if they were apart, "m not."

"Then why isn't your camera on?"

His breath catches. Did Dream want him to...? George wonders if he's supposed to ready himself in front of the other, and though he's done it before, nerves still wreak his whole body.

"Yours isn't on," George whispers back, "so it's only fair."

He hears Dream fiddle around, a click reverberating through his headphones, and at the soft noise, he catches a movement out of the corner of his eye— *the machine*.

George snaps his head in the direction of the noise, eyes focusing on the barely-discernible thrusts of the toy strapped to a daunting ebony box. He gulps, swallowing the whimper that dares to be coaxed out in golden honey.

His mind wanders away for a moment, imagining kneeling on his bed after working himself open, letting Dream hear every sinful sound that slips from his tongue in purple prose while he does as much. He imagines slicking the purple toy with lube, lining it up with his hole before all control is given to Dream—the one with the remote to the godforsaken thing.

"Really, George?" the other says, dark and low. "You're choosing to be a brat now?"

"I'm not..." George trails off, looking back to his screen to see the newly pixelated image of Dream.

In his hand, Dream holds a small remote, thumb brushing over colored buttons; red, yellow, and green—different settings. And it isn't that George is nervous; he's just... hesitant, knowing that once he turns on his camera, all control he once thought he had will be given up completely. (He's been in the situation before, knows how Dream liked to play).

"I'm not being a brat," George spits out more confidently. "You're the one that expects me to get fucked by *that thing*."

The laugh he gets in return is strictly ebon, Dream's chest visibly huffing up and down on the screen. George shivers, white-hot streaks of arousal flowing through his body and settling in the pit

of his stomach.

“You agreed to it, George. No backing out now.”

“I don’t wanna back out.”

“Then turn your camera on and let me see you,” Dream mumbles.

There’s another clicking sound, George seeing the machine stop its subtle movements. Then, hesitantly, he does as told, unwrapping his arms from around his legs, and lowering his feet to the floor once more.

He can see the blush rise to his cheeks when he turns his camera on, a faint dusting of pink settling high on his burning face. “Happy?”

“Very,” Dream replies, settling himself back in his chair. “Now, since you’ve wasted *so* much of my time already, why don’t you hurry up and get yourself situated for me?”

George doesn’t have the energy to disobey, brain fuzzy at Dream’s words, each syllable burning forests down as they dance in his ears. So instead, he repositions his camera, so it faces his bed and unplugs his headphones, Dream’s voice cascading from his speakers. He climbs atop silk-laden sheets and sits, legs crossed underneath himself.

He gives Dream a pointed look from where the mattress dips under his weight, feeling a bit more confident at the way Dream’s eyes are trained on his still covered body. Then, slowly, almost teasingly, his fingers fiddle with the hem of his shirt, slipping it over his head before throwing it to the side.

A laugh dares to crawl up his throat at the subtle hitch of breath that sounds through the speakers of his computer. “You okay, Dreamie?” he tempts out.

Barely, George can see a small tent forming under Dream’s shorts, smiling to himself from knowing how much of an effect he has on the other. He reaches out, pulling at the corner of one of his pillows before sitting atop of it, the plushness dragging over his straining cock still covered by his boxers.

He grips the top of his pillow with gentle hands, rolling his hips forward, emitting a small whimper from pretty lips.

Dream groans at the sight, gripping the arms of his chair, knuckles turning white from the tight grasp, and George wants nothing more than to feel that same hold against his lithe frame—and he makes it known.

“Wish you were here, Dream,” he mewls, annunciating his words with another roll of his hips. “Wanna feel you, wan’ you to touch me.”

A soft curse slips through heavy speakers. “Fuck, George. Me, too.”

“What would you do to me if you were?”

Nothing but soft whimpers coat the air for a few moments, George riding his pillow just as he’s done a million times over. His movements are slow, grinding down on the plushness and pretending like it was his best friend that sits on a call with him.

Dream drops one hand down to palm at himself as he responds. “Well, first, I’d get you so worked

up by my hands alone, feeling every inch of your body as you *writhe* under me.”

The nod of George’s head is barely noticeable, but the whimper alongside another roll of his hips is enough confirmation of petty desires. Dream continues.

“Maybe—if you’re good—I’d let you have my cock.” The words come out in a breathless plea. “I’d fill you so well, ruin you so that you’ll never want anyone else but me. You’d be mine, all for me to play with whenever I want my cock warmed.”

A pathetic moan falls from George’s tongue, hips rocking at a rapid pace against the cotton cover of the pillow. It’s humiliating; how quick he’s being pushed to the edge of his release, dirty words whispered like a salacious melody of beautiful sin, caressing over every nerve in his body and dragging them through hot iron.

“I’d bet you’d look so pretty underneath me, Georgie,” Dream says. “All stupid and moaning, crying like a bitch under my hands. And I still probably wouldn’t give you my cock until you begged.” A small pause. “Would you beg for it, George? Beg for my cock inside of you?”

George’s rhythm falters as he’s pushed closer to the edge. “P-Please, wan’ you so bad...”

“You do?” Dream teases, thumbs dipping under the hem of his shorts, George too caught up in his own pleasure to pay them any mind. “Want me to fuck you? Make you scream my name until you can’t anymore?”

Another whimper falls out. “M close.”

“Already?” Dream laughs, wrapping a hand around his cock. “How pathetic, angel.”

George’s grip on the end of his pillow becomes harsh, thighs unable to stop trembling as his breathing gets heavier. A mantra of pleas is slurred within the soft moans passing his lips, making every word an incoherent mess of want, and he can’t bring himself to open his eyes, to gaze at his computer screen to see Dream—his desired downfall.

The rough drag of fabric over his clothed cock pricks his skin with pebbles of pretty ardor, a pool of arousal threatening to spill throughout the marrow of his bones.

Just when he’s about to make a mess of himself, Dream’s gravelly voice interrupts.

“*Stop.*”

George whines, an incoherent noise of confusion threatening to coax itself from his throat, and he bites hard against his lower lip to muffle the sound.

Glancing back up, he sees the tips of Dream’s ears blazing a furious red, the other’s chest heaving where he sits against the edge of his seat.

“Just—Just stop,” the blond starts. “You aren’t allowed to cum like this.”

“How come?” George retorts, disappointment evident in how his shoulders drop and his lips jut out in a simple pout. “I was so close. Just please let me—let me cum.”

Dream just shakes his head, *tsking*. “You’ll cum when I let you.”

“Actually,” George pipes up, voice still on the edge of breathless, “you can’t do anything if I cum right now or not. You aren’t here to stop me.”

“You wanna test that theory, princess?”

It’s a challenge, and George knows he’s going to lose it without too much of a struggle—but it doesn’t stop him from smirking, nodding his head as he says, “Yeah, I do.”

Even from a pixelated screen, George can see the darkness that flares behind the assumed viridian eyes. And George knows he shouldn’t rile Dream up, but he’s a temptress, wants to see just how far he can take things before the other eventually snaps. (And maybe one day, he’ll be able to see it in person).

“Take your boxers off,” Dream says, his hand gliding up and down his cock lazily. “Get your lube while you’re at it.”

“And what if I don’t?” A small pause. “Who are you to stop me from doing what I want?”

A small chuckle drifts out from his speakers. “You know I can just hang up, right—leave you here to deal with *that*, ” he gestures to George’s straining erection, “yourself.”

“No!” George whines helplessly. “No, I need you here. With me—please.”

“Then be a good boy for me, and do as I say, okay?”

George nods. “O-Okay,” he whispers, feet pressing themselves to cool hardwood floors as he stumbles off the bed with shaky legs.

Dream almost wants to laugh at him, poke fun at how he could barely walk, but he refrains. George quickly reaches into his nightstand, procuring a half-empty bottle of lube and tossing it to his bed.

“Hurry up,” Dream huffs, “you’re wasting my time.”

“Oh, shut up.”

The words slip out on impulse, regret immediately polishing over his skin the moment they settle in the air. George quickly clamps his mouth shut, focused on the displeased hum that courses through the room; Dream going silent on the other end of the call.

“Shit,” he rushes, an apology already forming on his tongue. “I’m sorry—”

“Shut your fucking mouth, George.”

The harshness of Dream’s voice dares to coax out a pathetic whimper, George finally deciding to listen to the other and dip his fingers under the elastic band of his boxers. They fall down the length of his legs, George kicking them to the side and situating himself back in the same position as before.

George timidly picks up the bottle of lube, fingers shaky as he uncaps it. The other is staring at him with primal amounts of hunger laced behind green eyes, watching for any mistake George was to make.

His cock lays heavy on the pillow, leaking traces of precum onto the fabric to stain the essence of this night into white cotton. It takes every ounce of self-restraint not to rut his hips forward and chase the desperate cry of pleasure, but Dream is already looking as if he’s planning something, and George does *not* want to dig himself a deeper hole than he’s already in.

Lube is lathered over three of his fingers, coating them with the cold substance before the cap is

clicked shut.

Dream is still lazily stroking himself, watching George peer at his camera with hooded eyes as he reaches behind him, whimpering. “Make sure to prep yourself real good, sweetheart. You’ll need it.”

George nods once more, reaching behind himself and tracing a lone finger over his hole in the way he imagines Dream would touch him. He barely puts any pressure, teasing himself before he presses in, a soft moan escaping raw-bitten lips at the intrusion.

“Sound so pretty, baby, and we’ve barely just begun the fun.”

A delicate hand twists the blue fabric of bed sheets as George sinks to the second knuckle of his middle finger, barely able to feel anything of reasonable pleasure yet. The means to his demise sits beside him, set up at the end of his mattress for when he’s ready for Dream to take over.

He fingers himself slowly, curling the pad of his digit along sensitive walls, imagining that it was his best friend instead. He imagines Dream pressing his chest against his back, whispering licentious words into his ear as a much bigger hand runs over every inch of pale skin. And he knows he could have it if he asked.

One finger quickly becomes tedious, George adding a second in preparation for what’s to come next. Pleasure jolts through his body the moment he rubs against the little bundle of nerves, gasping out a lewd curse mixed with the expectancy of Dream’s name.

It isn’t enough, and it’ll never *be* enough. He needs Dream, needs to feel him inside, to have him close enough to touch and hold onto while he’s pounded into his mattress. George wants to be pinned down beneath strong hands—hands that are definitely bigger than his own—wants to feel Dream in his bones until he’s branded and owned.

The feeble insinuation that Dream is watching him through his camera, watching him become a wreck like he has many times before, is enough to have him whining, wishing the other was here with him.

George rolls his hips forward in barely discernible movements, the underside of his cock dragging against the cotton fabric of his pillow. His wrist is starting to ache from the angle it’s stuck in—another reason he needs Dream here to aid him.

“Please…” he barely gets out, thighs trembling from the promise of release every time he runs over his prostate. “T-Talk to me, Dream. Talk to me—please.”

A dark laugh emits from the computer’s speakers. “So desperate, Georgie. You’d do anything to have me, wouldn’t you?”

Nodding quickly, George thrusts his fingers in and out of himself at a faster pace than before.

“Fucking whore,” Dream spits, the degrading name earning a muffled moan instantly. “I can’t wait until I have my hands on you, make you tremble under my touch so easily, have you crying and begging within seconds. And you know I can.”

Slipping a third finger inside, George is already on the edge of his orgasm. The dirty words whispered through heavy speakers have him crumbling down, wholly ruined from the promise of being touched by the other’s mean yet gentle hands, being coerced and tossed around like a fuck toy that screams for a merciless hold.

He can almost taste the metallic sheen of blood on his tongue from how sharp canines dig into his bottom lip, trying to keep himself from being *too* loud.

On Dream's end, there's a smirk resting on hard features, his hand lazily gliding up and down his cock while he watches George make a mess of himself. He wants to do everything and not enough, wants to make George tremble and break, make him cry as he's denied the promise of release.

The pad of Dream's thumb swipes of the head of his cock, feeling himself flutter in his palm. Beads of precum leak from the slit, a simple prospect of admiring the pixelated image of George pleasuring himself in the ways Dream wishes to do.

He wants George, not through the screen of his computer or on opposite sides of the planet where all he can do is yearn for the gentle touch of delicate fingers. No, he wants George in his bed, wants the paleness of pretty skin in the juxtaposition of clad grey sheets, wants to press his lips against soft pink and feel how George struggles to kiss him back while under a pleasure-induced coma.

Dream wishes to wrap his hands around small wrists, pin them against his bed while he fucks into George with a roughness he's sure the other has never felt before. He craves to own George, make him writhe, and plunge into a black sea of want.

It's his guilty pleasure.

George has his head angled down, eyes closed, and jaw lax from the hedonism he's giving himself. Soft moans slip from his tongue in a mantra of pretty desire, his cheeks painted in strokes of coral red as he's reduced to an incoherent mess from the mere press of his fingers inside himself.

"God," Dream groans, laced with strands of sinfulness, "you're so fucking pretty like this—all ruined because of *me*."

A small whimper emits from George, eyes fluttering open to peer at his computer's camera, at the image of Dream. The pool of arousal buried in his stomach is lit aflame at the sight of the male dragging his hand up and down his cock. Darkness lays behind soft green eyes, George almost hating to break the mutual gaze to recruit his own needs.

"I can't wait to have you under me," Dream moans. "Want to *feel* you, make you scream my name until the neighbors know who you belong to."

George cries out a simple "*please*," nodding his head in agreement.

"But we can't," Dream whispers, a tinge of hurt lacing his gravelly tone. "We can't, but I can give you the next best thing."

George slows his fingers at the insinuation, the reminder of the machine clear in the back of his mind. He cranes his neck to the side, giving it a once over before pulling out completely, a shocked cry from the emptiness filling the broadness of his room.

He runs over the possible outcomes of what Dream could do to him from halfway across the world, wonders if it would match the feeling of having the other inside him. His tongue pokes out, swiping over his bottom lip before sharp ivory bites down without any harshness to adorn it.

Brown eyes find the soft glow of the computer screen once more, George's mouth parted as he's left speechless.

"Go on," Dream tempts, a black remote ready in his hand.

George nods, swallowing thickly. He shuffles around on his bed, mattress creaking under his weight as he picks up the bottle of lube, lathering the toy with the transparent substance. His pillow remains underneath him, turning around, so his ass is in front of the purple length, Dream having a view of his side profile.

He positions the tip of the toy over his hole, whimpering at the slight sensitivity as it catches on the rim, pushing back against purple. A soft *click* is heard from Dream's end of the call, the toy slowly thrusting inside after roaring to life, the stretch around silicone burning him as it drags along his walls.

The thrusts are shallow, barely plunging deep enough for George to feel anything of greatness—but it's still enough to have him whimpering in defeat, utterly submissive under the eyes of green riddance.

Pale hands find comfort against the cotton covering of his pillow, George dipping his head low as the tantalizing pace of the machine tries to pull the weakest of reactions from him. He *knows* how this game works; he'll never get anything unless he asks for it, and though he's built up a wall of self-proclaimed righteousness, his tongue slips with a pretty beg for Dream to make the thing go faster.

"More," George breathes, fingers twisted in cotton. "I wan' more—please, Dream."

"You want more?" Dream repeats, smug intentions evident in his tone. The other nods helplessly. "Well, maybe if you're good for the next five minutes, I'll give you what you want. Okay, princess?"

A whine filled the brooding edge of hearted despair for release, George agreeing to the terms the other laid out clearly. Five minutes. He can last five—

"Dream!"

The sudden switch between the highest setting and the lowest draws a high-pitched squeal from the depths of George's chest, the toy thrusting deep inside and grazing every sensitive nerve that's being abused. And despite himself, George crumbles, knowing five minutes would feel like a lifetime.

Soft cries of *please* and *more* fall from George's lips.

"So pretty," Dream whispers, breath faint and shallow from the grip around his cock. "Can't wait until I'm there—or you're here. Whichever comes first."

For a moment, the only thing that passes through either of their speakers is the soft buzz of the machine and George's shaky moans. And throughout everything, Dream has remained completely unbreakable, composed in juxtaposing the other's neediness.

George hasn't a problem with it, but with how much of a pathetic wreck he is, he wants nothing more than to crack through Dream's walls—make him just as desperate.

"I-I want you, Dream..." George barely gets out. "Please, I need you so badly, need you t-to fuck me, make me... make me yours." He gasps when Dream turns the speed up. "I wan'... I want you to ruin me, fuck me so hard I can't do anything but scream y-your name."

There's a feeble breath, George turning his head to the camera before whispering:

"I want you... to fuck me u-until I'm dumb, 'till I'm yours."

Dream curses, head tilting back against the headrest of his chair as his hand stills at the base of his cock. The muscles in his stomach visibly clench, George grinning to himself as he takes it as a sign Dream was close.

“Already?” George coaxes with a soft lure. “Thought you would’ve had more self-restraint.”

Green eyes shoot strings of dark fire through the camera lens, and George can’t help but feel a little victorious at the way Dream snaps out his response.

“I’d be careful with my words if I were you, sweetheart. Because with one simple press,” the thrusts of the machine slow to nothing, “I can leave you with nothing.”

George shakes his head, hips rutting against his pillow. “No—no, please don’t stop. Please, I need it so bad.”

“Oh, come on,” Dream rolls his eyes, “surely you can do better than that, stupid brat.”

George whimpers, the haziness of tears skewing his vision, never slipping past his waterline. “Please... I need you, Clay—wanna feel you inside me.”

The use of his real name has Dream reeling, falling victim to the other’s schemes as he clicks the machine back on, slow thrusts turning into a simple rhythm. His hand resumes its past movements, sitting back in his chair as he watches George be ruined by something he could only wish was himself.

George is almost helpless, a pathetic mess of moans and whimpers every time the dildo drags over his walls, the tip jabbing the sensitive bundle of nerves that have his eyes rolling to the back of his head.

“God, I wish you were here,” Dream groans, thumb swiping over the head of his cock. “I’d fuck you better than that *thing* ever could.”

A mantra of desperate sounds leave George’s throat, hands gripping at the end of his pillow as he takes whatever the other gives him from halfway across the world—the only thing he’ll get that’s even remotely close to the real thing. And so he imagines; imagines it were Dream behind him, fucking him stupid rather than some silly machine.

He imagines Dream pressed close, hovering over his small frame as he fucks into him at a pace he probably couldn’t take but would still try anyway. He visualizes soft lips ghosting over the shell of his ear, Dream whispering vile words laced with sharp edges of disparity.

“Y-You feel so good, Dream,” George cries out, the pool of lust threatening to spill over and flood every nerve in his body. “It’s so-so deep, so good.”

The malicious yet pleasurable abuse to his prostate is enough to have George tumbling into a fit of unsaid need, Dream just barely upping the speed of the machine to its medium level. His breaths are heavy, cock twitching against rough cotton, his moans never dying to anything above a loud plea.

“‘m close—” George gasps, hips rocking forward involuntarily to chase the stimulation of his cock before being met with twice as much when he presses back on the toy.

Fire burns across the field of pale skin, ruthless and uncaring; he couldn’t stop it even if he tried.

His muscles flex, legs shaking uncontrollably as his cock pulses, sticky white messing up the white

fabric of his pillow, nothing but an endless plea of pretty moans falling from his mouth. The toy never stops its movements, Dream enjoying the sight of the other quickly being worked up and forced into overstimulation.

It's then when Dream switches the machine up to its highest setting, making George gasp lewdly and tumble forwards on his mattress. He's fucked mercilessly by the thing, thighs shaking wholly, fingers desperate to grab onto anything they can.

The only thing George can do is squirm, try to pull away from the overbearing pleasure. And it's a fucking sight to see, Dream smirking as he jerks himself with his other hand.

"Don't run away from it, darling," he coaxes out gently, earning a high moan in response. "Stay still, or I'll turn it off."

Heavy breaths pass George's lips, moans never-ending. "I-It's too much—I can't take it. *Please!*"

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No!" George moans out. "No, don't you *d-dare* fucking stop."

"Then don't complain."

Sharp teeth bite at the pillow, muffling high-pitched cries as his world goes white. George can taste where the cotton lays heavy on his tongue, can feel where rough fibers poke and prod at his gums when pleasure takes over pain.

"D-Dream, *please!*" George doesn't even understand what he's begging for, the only thing he knows is Dream's name, and he's screaming it like a mantra.

He feels his legs give way, parting wider as his body slides closer to the mattress, and the vibrations are enough to drown him in the deep end all over again. His cock is already half-hard again, pleasure engulfing him down to the core until he's brain dead, the only coherent thought being *Dream*.

Every rough drag of the toy inside of him renders him useless, and Dream can see just how close he is to the edge.

"Wait for me, George," Dream practically growls out. "You aren't allowed to cum again—not until I do."

George shivers, legs weak and trembling without any voluntary action, and then the tears finally fall. "M so close, please, Dream. Cum f-for me, cum inside of me. U-Use me, I'm yours. *Please!*"

Dream's breath becomes staggered, soft moans slipping from a venomous tongue as he quickens the pace of his hand, muscles contracting in his stomach as he finally spills into his palm. A mantra of curses is heard from the speakers before they die down to a faint, inconceivable sound.

Though George never stops moaning, fingers curl tightly against the fabric of his bedsheets. He calls for *Dream*, asks *Dream* to let him finally come, and when he's granted permission, his entire body convulses, curling up as the machine eventually slows to a stop.

"George?" Dream's voice pulls George from his pleasure-dazed mind, soft smile falling over pink lips. "Are you okay?"

“That was... holy fuck.”

“Did I go too far or—”

George breaks out into a fit of laughter, thighs still trembling as his body gets adjusted to not having anything inside of him. “It was amazing, Dream. I just wish it was the real thing.”

He cranes his neck to peer over at his computer, Dream’s flushed face staring back at him with a tinge of relief flooding his features. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.” There’s a short moment of silence before Dream’s hands are busy with his keyboard. “Don’t you still have like, cum on your hand or whatever?”

Dream laughs. “It can wait. This is way more important.”

“What is?”

Curiosity flows through the marrow of George’s bones, and eyebrows pinched together as he shuffles on his bed, turning his nose up at his pillow covered in wet stickiness. Dream doesn’t answer right away, stuck with a stupid grin on his face before turning his attention back to the camera—to George.

“I just booked you a flight. So pack your things, angel—you’re coming to Florida.”

Chapter End Notes

[my twitter](#) follow me for updates on anything I'm writing and dnf brainrot !!

Japanese Denim

Chapter Summary

George arrives in Florida, and it's everything he expected and more—minus the sexual tension.

Chapter Notes

alright so !! as you may see, this is now 2/3 because in some godly way, this fic grew a life of its own and now there's a smidge of plot haha

anyway, look forward to chapter 3 !! i promise it'll be worth it <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So pack your things, angel—you're coming to Florida."

The whispered, breathless words have yet to leave George's mind, playing on repeat for his own little dwindle of hope. He's supposed to leave soon—preferably in the next two days—and he couldn't stop thinking about Dream, how he'd look in person.

It's evident that his blond best friend is probably the hottest man George has ever encountered. Pretty freckles trace Dream's face like constellations, adorned with the graceful tint of pink whenever he's on a call with George. And it has the brunet wondering how he got so lucky; what gods were on his side to bless him with the work of art that is Dream.

But even through all sexual encounters and muddled emotions curled into late-night pleas of want, George is going to Florida, meeting Dream—*his best friend*.

Maybe he's more nervous than he ought to be, stress piling up on his shoulders and pinning him down with coursing shame. His mind convinced him it was a rush of adrenaline, the come-down of their high that drove Dream to buy the ticket, that he was only going because of the sex, though it was wholly the opposite.

George's overthinking would be the death of him.

And to say George isn't excited would be a lie he'd hate to tell, because he *is* excited. It's all he's ever wanted—complicated feelings aside.

For years, he's been anticipating this moment, waiting for the right time to be able to welcome Dream in a tight embrace, to feel the warmth of tan skin as it drags across his own, to be able to look up into pretty green eyes and smile as he knows he's found home.

The night before he's ensured to board his flight, George is streaming, giving his fans their dose of content so they wouldn't wonder where he is. And if he seems more on edge, zoning off more than

usual, then it's nobody's business but his.

"Oh, come on!" Dream groans, faux disappointment laced in his tone. "It was obviously Italy, George."

George rolls his eyes, a smile slipping over his lips. "Didn't look like Italy, Dream."

"There was a flag!"

"I'm colorblind! You can't hold me responsible for losing, nimrod."

Dream breaks out in a fit of laughter, the swindle of admiration sparked behind brown eyes going unnoticed by the lack of a facecam.

In reality, George was too caught up in his head to notice he clicked on the wrong country, a flame of nervous butterflies flickering in his bones as he reminisced to a few nights before.

The machine, hidden away in his closet, haunts his thoughts, a tang of bittersweetness laving over every nerve in his frail body. George had spent the day after in bed, quite literally too sore to move his legs—Dream laughed at him for it, only encouraging George to block his number for a few hours.

He couldn't stop thinking about it; the brutal pace, the overwhelming pleasure, Dream's voice. It played on repeat like a mantra, polluting his mind and engraving every ridge with supple want.

The soft luminosity of his computer screen filters a mellowed glow through the darkness of his bedroom, stilled on the image of GeoGuesser. A light huff brushes past the top of his lip, leaning back in his chair as he stares at the red and white "*You lost!*"

"Start another game," Dream mumbles. "I'll help you."

George complies, clicking around to start a different round. "You helped me last time, and we still lost, idiot."

"You caused it."

"Did not!" George shot back. "You didn't say anything about a dumb flag."

A hefty laugh prides through George's headphones, a supple smile never leaving his lips as he clicks around the new drop. "We're driving on the right."

Dream hums. "Looks like Florida."

"And how would you know?"

"I live here, brat."

George rolls his eyes, ignoring the flash of arousal that sparks up his spine at the name he's heard more than a thousand times before. Only this time, it wasn't with his usual edge of lowly voiced words.

He licks his lips. "Well, I wouldn't know what Florida looks like anyway. I'm guessing it's Canada."

A disregarding hum slips in his headphones, Dream going quiet as the sound of soft typing fills the space. George directs his questions to the chat; "What do you guys think? Florida or Canada?"

He isn't looking for any answers, focused on his second monitor opened to Discord, the small words of *dream is typing...* drawing his attention.

dream today at 12:43 am
don't worry
you'll know what florida looks like soon enough, baby
and my cock

The hitch in George's breath is barely heard, swallowing a whimper as his eyes scan the message over and over again. He feels the sudden heat that rushes to his face, the prick of arousal that coats his gut in ebon-like polish, and through the haze of tiredness, George had almost forgotten about his trip.

His tongue pokes out to drag his bottom lip into the seized pressure of sharp canines. There's perplexing silence for a few moments before George switches over to type out his response.

george today at 2:44 am
you can't say that while i'm streaming

dream today at 12:44 am
why not?
getting hard? embarrassed?

george today at 12:44 am
shut up
you're distracting me

dream today at 12:45 am
i can distract you in more ways than this

George hums, leaving the other without a response as he zooms in on the map, clicking on Florida. "If Dream is wrong, they owe me twenty gifted subs."

"What? No, I don't agree—"

"Too late," George sighs. "You were right anyway."

The chat is spammed with different messages that George couldn't bother to read, so he switches to scrolling through donations instead.

"Do you have any hobbies besides YouTube?" he reads out.

Dream butts in almost immediately. "Riding me."

"What the hell?!" George's mouth drops open, another flash of searing heat jolting through his body. "This is a family-friendly stream."

Laughter is the only thing he gets in return, George shaking his head as he scrolls to another, contemplating which ones he could read aloud. Then, a series of messages come through Discord.

dream today at 12:49 am

you can't deny it

riding me could be a hobby

and i'd love for you to do it as well, make you bounce on my cock until you're begging me to fuck into you

The whimper couldn't be swallowed, George imagining the very thing written so vulgarly by the other.

"S-Sorry chat, hit my knee on my desk..."

Dream scoffs. "Be more careful, idiot."

George gulps, nodding his head even if no one could see it. His mind slips into the darkest parts of itself, the place where Dream plays a role in every fantasy he's able to conjure up. And this time, it's the image of sitting atop Dream's lap, cock buried inside of him as he bounces up and down the large length.

He wonders how Dream would give it to him—in slow, calculated thrusts or hard and fast, making George convulse with pleasure.

And he knows he can have it; knows that those images could become a reality in only a few hours.

A message is sent back.

george today at 12:51 am

dream

you can't do this to me right now

dream today at 12:52 am

what am i doing?

george today at 12:52 am

you know what you're doing, asshole

The light of a green circle, along with a deep sigh, draws George's attention.

"Are you gonna play the game, George?" Dream asks. "I wanna go to bed; I'm tired."

George smirks. "You can leave. I don't need you here."

A swell of silence rings out for a moment too long, George almost being able to hear what the other was thinking at his snarky comments. And before he can say anything more, a text-to-speech donation comes through.

"Hi, can you say hi to the milftwt discord server?"

"Hello!" George laughs. "Anyway, I think I'm gonna end the stream here. Busy day tomorrow, so bye everyone!"

He drags out his goodbye, reading a few more donations before ending the stream for good, left in comfortable yet blazed silence with Dream.

His back meets the covering of his chair, cool leather chilling over the fabric of his shirt.
“Dream...?”

“Call me on my phone.”

Dream exits the Discord call without any more warning, leaving George to ponder what events will follow. His fingers twitch where they hover over his mouse, closing down his computer and shutting it off.

He’s left in the dim darkness, the only light coming from a small lamp placed on a bedside table. And with a supple sigh, he drops a hand on his thigh, a single finger tracing the outline of his half-hard cock in grey sweatpants.

It’s almost one in the morning; George needed to sleep if he were to wake early for his flight—but Dream has other plans.

Pushing himself from his chair, George shuffles over to his bed, digging in his pocket for his phone. He sits on the edge of a plush mattress, teeth biting nervously at the nail of his thumb as he unlocks the device.

George always feels this way beforehand—like he’s standing on pins and needles. But he knows it’ll dissolve into nothing the moment Dream’s voice comforts his brain.

Before he can hesitate, George is calling the other, who immediately picks up with a simple “Hey.”

He doesn’t respond, opting to lay down on his back after discarding his sweats, resting his phone on his chest. Teeth tear at his bottom lip, biting it raw as he hyper-focuses on keeping his breathing regulated.

“You okay, angel?”

George nods, then remembering his ministrations couldn’t be seen. “Yeah, ‘m okay.”

“Good.” There’s a beat of silence. Then, “I have a question for you, baby, and I want you to answer it honestly.”

“G-Go ahead.”

“You’re coming to Florida in less than twenty-four hours. You’ll be *here*, with me. And I need to ask you just how...” Dream trails off for a moment. “I need to know if you want this—if you want *me* in the same way I want you.”

For a few seconds, George doesn’t say anything, a sigh brushing past his lips. The softness in Dream’s tone blooms a plethora of rose petals under his rib cage, a small smile sliding its way across his face.

“I dunno, Dream,” George breathes with a teasing lilt. “It depends on *how* you want me.”

Dream whimpers—fucking *whimpers* into the mic, the sound going straight to George’s dick. “I want you in every way possible. Wanna kiss you, feel you, *fuck you*.”

Soft breaths flutter, George swallowing the whine that dares to tear through his mouth, ripple out

into the air and let it be known how much Dream's words are affecting him. He glides his hand down to rest at the bone of his hip, fingers caressing the exposed skin just above the elastic of his boxers.

"Well, in that case," George murmurs, "I want you just as bad."

A low curse bleeds out from the speaker of his phone, the sound of soft rustling filling the gaps. "Tell me what I was doing to you during the stream."

"W-What...?"

Dream moans. "T-Tell me, George. Tell me everything you were feeling—please."

At the neediness that oozes through Dream's tone, signifying that he already has a hand wrapped around his cock, George palms at himself slowly. The stimulation is barely there, but it's enough to have him wanting more as he answers the other.

"I wanted everything you were alluding to," he gasps as he rolls his palm down harder. "Thought about riding y-you, seeing your cock. I want to taste it—wanna know what you feel like in my—my mouth..."

"God," Dream groans, "you have such a dirty mind, princess."

Alongside a small whimper, George's eyes flutter shut. "J-Just for you, Dream... all for you. Can I please touch myself?"

"Yeah—yeah, please, need to hear you, angel. Fuck, you're such a good boy."

George slips his underwear down at the granted permission, his phone almost falling from his chest, but he catches it. The chilled air of the room brushes over the skin of his cock, George sucking in a breath before taking himself in his hand.

He swipes his thumb over the slit, spreading the gathered precum down the length of his cock, a soft moan slipping from his tongue.

"I can't wait to... to see you, Dream. Need you—need you so bad."

The slow drag of his hand up and down his cock is enough to have George wanting more, hips thrusting up into a curled fist. He imagines it's Dream, speculates that it's a much bigger hand than his own that pleasures him.

"P-Please," George whimpers, "tell me what you're doing—what you're thinking..."

Dream answers without hesitation. "I'm stroking myself, thinking about you, your pretty mouth stretched around me." A soft gasp falls out. "I'm thinking about pinning you down, kissing every fucking i-inch of your body, making you mine."

"Yeah? *Fuck*—what... what else?" George cries out, breaths heavy, begging Dream to continue.

"I'll hold you down, work you up until you're desperate for me—*fuck, George*," Dream moans with a bittersweet sense. "I'd fuck you hard, curl my hand around your throat as I take what I want, have you shaking under me..."

George babbles incoherent agreements, speeding up the pace of his fist. High-strung moans mix with the low timbre of Dream's, equal pleasure coursing through their veins.

A bubble of arousal builds up in George's stomach, muscles contracting as he turns over on his side, phone slipping off his chest. His hand never stops its motions, George whining and pressing his face into one of many pillows.

"C-Close," he moans weakly, knees almost curling up to his chest.

His legs tremble violently, breaths getting harder, and pleasure-filled sounds becoming louder and more drawn-out. The bubble threatens to pop, spill out through his body, and swallow him in a blanket of desperation—of *Dream*.

George feels himself pulse in his hand, jaw lax as white paints over his skin, a final plea of Dream's name leaving his lips.

He fucks his fist to ride out his orgasm, whimpering dirty words to push the other through his own. "Please, D-Dream... cum—cum for me, *please!*"

And Dream does, his moans low and drawn as he finishes with *George* on his tongue.

Matching breaths glaze over the air for a moment's time, heavy and exhausted. George whimpers as the aftermath of his high is still felt through his body, cock twitching in his hand before releasing his grip, wiping white onto sheets.

"Fucking hell," George groans after checking the time. "I have to be up in like, three hours—why'd you keep me up so late?"

Dream scoffs. "It's only late for you, doll face."

George rolls his eyes, shuffling around on his bed and throwing his comforter over the spot where stickiness seeps into cotton. "Sometimes, I just want to punch you."

"What time is your flight?" The other changes the subject.

"Six. But I've gotta finish packing and be at the airport two hours early—so I guess I'm not getting any sleep."

"Sorry I kept you up so late then," Dream laughs. "But you can sleep on the plane; it's a long flight."

A fond smile slides over George's features, sitting up in his bed after swiping his phone into his hand. "Yeah, yeah," he mumbles. "I'm gonna go take a shower and finish getting things together. 'kay?"

"Alright," Dream sighs, "I'll see you tomorrow, princess."

George is left in a perplexed sea of loneliness for the rest of the night, curt excitement mixed with the gratuity of apprehension of *finally* being able to see the one he wants most in person.

Airports have never been George's taste—they're too easy to get lost in, especially when he's in an entirely unfamiliar place.

He hadn't been able to get much rest, slipping in and out of a sleep-ridden haze during the majority

of the ten-hour flight. And that's to blame on his best friend, who acts like a golden retriever half the time.

When George lands in Orlando, the time reads *4:33 PM*, giving him one hell of a whiplash before he's texting Dream.

Today 4:34 PM

George

I landed

Gotta get through customs now :]

The reply is instant.

Today 4:34 PM

Dream

I'm @ baggage claim

Wearing a green shirt

My merch

George

I can't see green, dipshit

Dream

Oh

Yeah

Oops

George laughs to himself, rolling his eyes at his friend's message.

Today 4:35 PM

George

I know what you look like

I'll be able to spot you

Hopefully

Dream

Remember, you're colorblind

Not blind

George

Shut up

Leaving plane now

I'll text you when I'm out of immigration

He clicks his phone off before the other could reply, following the crowd of chattering busy bodies after gathering his carry-on bags. A lady directs him to customs.

The lack of sleep is catching up with him, eyes heavy and threatening to shut with every step he takes towards his destination—George can only hope Dream would let him be in the arms of Morpheus for the rest of the afternoon.

Going through immigration and customs takes forever, the girl asking George his information clearly having a bad day from how her comments were snarky and uninterested. And when he leaves, he's glad it's over with.

And throughout the horrible navigation of arrows plastered on signs, George couldn't bear to hold on to the anxiety that eats at his skin without remorse. His mind doesn't seem to wrap around the fact that he's finally in Florida, that *Dream* is inside the same building he's wandering around in.

His phone vibrates in his pocket.

Today 5:02 PM

Dream

How long does immigration take
Wtf

George rolls his eyes at his best friend's text.

Today 5:02 PM

George

I'm out
Just don't know where I'm going
The signs suck in Florida

Dream

You're an idiot
You just don't understand America
Where are you rn?

Idly, George looks around, the only thing of interest being the terminal.

Today 5:05 PM

George
Terminal-A
Hurry up. I'm sleepy

Dream

That's not my fault

George
Yes, it is
It's your fault completely
Just come get me, dumbass

Dream

Whatever
You aren't too far away from me
Just keep walking, you'll see the carousels soon
If I see you I'll shout or something

George clicks his phone off with a breathless laugh, mumbling a "*fuckin' idiot*" before shoving the device back in his pocket.

It fully renders that George will be in the embrace of his best friend in a matter of time, neurotic flames of black settling in the pit of his stomach, churning into a chaotic swirl of anxiety and delirium. It won't be through a screen or late-night phone calls that saunter off into something viler—it'll be in person.

Soft smiles and supple pink blushes would finally be able to go noticed, not hidden away by a lack of camera and blurry pictures they couldn't distinguish properly.

And even if the only reason George saunters around a busy airport in Orlando, Florida was from a rush of adrenaline after getting fucked by a machine with his best friend, he's still thankful for it.

Besides the sporadic strain of apprehension that floats through his bloodstream, George is walking on waves of excitement. Every step forward brings him closer and closer to the boy he's known for years—and doesn't know if he's prepared to drown himself in that sea yet.

He fights back the urge to let the thoughts of *only being here for sex* slip into his mind.

He checks his phone, the screen void of any new messages from Dream, and huffs. His feet are beginning to hurt, face dull as he hikes his bag on his shoulder, a sign drawing his attention.

Baggage Claim —>

His heart skips a beat the moment his eyes land on the sight of yellow—supposedly green—fabric stuck to a warm body. And if his breath is pulled from his lungs at the descry of his best friend, that's nobody's business but his.

Almost immediately, George feels a pattern of vibrations in his pocket.

Dream

???

Hurry up, Georgie :(

He disregards the message—smiling softly as he looks up from his phone to admire the warm, human form of his best friend doing absolutely nothing.

It's different, seeing Dream in his un-pixelated glory, and George can't help but notice how *more attractive* he is in person.

Dream's lips are pursed out in a pout, eyebrows furrowed as he stares down at the device in his hand—George assumes he's waiting for a response. Gold splays across his forehead, strands of soft-looking hair falling over colored eyes George can't quite distinguish yet.

It's then that George thinks he's ready to drown.

Today 5:14 PM

George

You're cuter in person

At the message, George watches how the other's face lights up with the soft glow of delectation, his own smile growing wider as Dream snaps his head up, looking around as if he's a kid in a candy store.

When rural green meets his gaze, Dream's eyes go wide, and a pretty smile laces over his lips. And for a moment, George feels self-conscious, heavy eyes dragging down his small frame as Dream's smile grows into a toothy, stupid grin.

George is almost too stunned to move his feet, to walk over to the male sitting oh-so-prettilly on the bench of rugged airport metal.

He watches Dream stand, phone being shoved in his pocket as he presses forward.

All breath is taken from George at the moment, lips parting as he takes in the tall, lean figure pushing past a crowd of civilians. And he knew Dream would look like this—all broad and incredibly bigger—but *holy shit*

The veil of online personas and petty misfortunes is shed as the looming figure gets closer, the distance finally being broken with wide smiles and happy eyes. And when a large hand smooths over the small of George's back, being pulled into a warm chest, he decides that the wait was totally worth it.

All brooding anxiety vanishes from his bloodstream, George nuzzling his face into the crook of the other's neck, inhaling the sharp scent of vanilla and pinewood.

Something like longing envelops his being, warmth spreading through his body as his nervous system finds comfort in the strong arms that wrap around his waist, soft circles being caressed into the divot of his hips. A stuttered breath is drawn by his ear.

“George,” Dream whispers, grip becoming tighter as he tries to bring the smaller closer. “You’re actually here.”

They part, but only so George can tilt his head up and meet Dream’s eyes. “And *you’re* actually real.”

Dream scoffs, rolling his eyes as he pulls George in for another hug, resting his chin atop brown tufts of chocolate. “Well, obviously.” There’s a pause. “You seem tired.”

“That’s because I am,” George mumbles into the other’s chest.

“Wonder why.”

There’s a teasing lilt to accompany his voice, a sly smirk heard more than seen his lips, and George can only try and roll his eyes, fighting off the urge to reminisce about last night’s events—lest he gets horny in the middle of a fucking airport.

“Respectfully, I hope you choke and die.”

Warm honeyed lips press into George’s mess of hair, washing George’s libido away when he melts into Dream’s chest.

“You’re such an idiot.”

And George thinks he could fall asleep right then, wrapped in the warm embrace of his best friend, the rumbling of his chest as he speaks matched with the gentle beating of his heart.

It’s perfect. It feels safe, comfortable—like a dream George is scared he’d wake up from.

George is exhausted, ten hours of flying miles and miles in a sea of clouds, finally catching up to him as they search for his luggage in the baggage claim. Dream makes a point of carrying it out to the car for him, a cocky smirk etched onto his face when he winks at George as they finally sink into their respective seats.

“You wanna stop anywhere before we go home?” Dream asks him, adjusting the rearview mirror and pushing stray strands of blond hair out of his eyes.

The cool breeze of the air conditioning is lulling George into an almost comatose state, and he finds it’s a struggle to string together enough words to respond.

“Nope,” he says, popping the p as he reclines the leather seat. “J’st wanna go to sleep.”

He can decipher a slight chuckle when he closes his eyes—can feel when Dream puts the car in drive as they make their way onto the Orlando freeway. The last thing he remembers when dull darkness takes over, being the ghost of a rough palm gripping his inner thigh.

He doesn’t get to rest for long—or maybe it seemed that way, the quiet rumbling of Dream’s car dying waking him up, mumbling a soft “We’re here already?”

A quaint house rests within a mirage of birch trees, hidden away to the public eye down a gravelly sidewalk, and it’s definitely *not* what George was expecting it to look like.

“Yeah,” the other breathes, “home sweet home.”

George hums, scanning his eyes over transparent windows that allude to the vicinity of a comfortable interior. He doesn’t pay attention to the rattling of a seatbelt unbuckling or the jingle

of keys being shoved into a pocket, instead opting to keep his gaze off of Dream's figure.

But his attempt is futile, a gentle brush of big hands caressing over the top of his thigh, right at his hip, drawing George's head to the side as Dream unfastens his seatbelt.

And for whatever reason, George finds that minuscule action *very* attractive.

His breath catches in his throat, the proximity of Dream's hand running white shivers through his body. And who could blame him for imagining it curving just below the bone of his pelvic, caressing pale skin and inching lower until—

"Coming inside?" Dream asks, cocky smirk barely concealed on his lips. "Or do I have to carry you, princess?"

Vile thoughts were pushed to the back of George's head, and with the roll of his eyes, he moves Dream's hand away and clicks the passenger door open.

"I think I'll manage. Thanks, though."

A laugh from behind is the only thing George hears before shutting the door behind him. He lets Dream carry his bags inside, not bothering to complain about it (especially when he could catch a view of toned biceps rippling through Dream's shirt).

"Think you can unlock the door?" Dream asks, seemingly not bothered by heavy duffel bags. "The keys in my back pocket—the left."

George is taken off guard for a second, eyes dragging down the other's body. "Why?"

"Why do you think, George?"

Treading out a soft laugh, George steps closer to Dream's front, biting his lip to repress the smirk that dares form across his face. A playful spark flares behind his eyes, pressing up against the other's chest as he slides his hands behind thin hips.

Sudden tension surrounds them, thick with pretty, mutual want that is evidently ignored. The hitch in Dream's breath is heard, green eyes going wide as he tries to stop himself from stumbling back—completely speechless.

George pulls Dream's hips forward, fingers dipping into the pocket of the other's jeans. He takes pride in the dusty pink flush of tan cheeks.

"Guess your hands are a little full, aren't they?"

Dream licks his lips, coating pink with a sheen of spit. And if George didn't know any better, he would've taken it as a sign of submission—ego flaring with gratification.

"Little bit," Dream whispers in response.

The shorter of the two hums, left hand feeling for thin metal as his other slides around to hook a finger through one of the belt loops. Dream lets out a soft breath, George catching black pupils growing wide in a sea of forest green.

And with a smirk, he steps away, barely pulling on Dream's jeans before letting go. "Then I suppose I'll play nice," a small pause, "for now."

The inside of Dream's house is more impressive than the outside. It's large; an open, somewhat

empty living room is the first thing George walks into. A leather sofa sits close by, Dream being able to come in behind him and set his stuff on the cushions.

“Nice place,” George says, kicking his shoes off by the door. “Not what I was expecting, though.”

Dream smirks. “Yeah? And what *were* you expecting, doll face?”

“A mess, to be honest.”

“Do you really think that low of me, Georgie?”

George nods, mockery dancing behind lidded amber eyes.

“I do actually—” he cuts himself off, the sound of a quick-stepped patter tracing the hardwood floors, inviting George to glance down and fix his gaze on a familiar brown and white kitty. “Patches!”

The rise in his voice startles her, and she scurries off before he can bend down to pet her, long-tail whipping against the couch leg.

“Oh,” Dream laughs, tanned features scrunching together when George looks at him. “I think you scared her.”

The brunet pouts, arms crossing and lips pursed as a wave of betrayal settles deep within his gut. Dream laughs ever harder at the face he makes, stalking forward and settling a few inches from where George is glued to the ground.

“Oh, don’t be like that.”

“Be like what?” George asks, huffing as he realizes his first time meeting Dream’s cat would be the horrifying memory of Patches running away from him.

“A brat.”

Dream steps closer, a tan hand reaching out to tug on George’s wrists, pulling crossed arms from where they lay over his chest. And as much as George wants to hate the tingle of tangerine flames that shake through his body, he finds himself going pliant under strong hands, breath catching in his throat.

Softly, he says, “‘m not brat...”

“Oh, come on, Georgie,” Dream grins, pulling him closer.

“Is that your response to everything?” George asks, tilting his head. “Little lame, yeah?”

Dream rolls his eyes. “Shut up.”

“Make me.”

“Maybe later.”

George huffs, pulling from the other’s grip and grabbing one of his bags from the couch with a cute pout on his lips. “You’re no fun.”

“No, I just don’t give brats what they want unless they beg,” Dream hums, throwing George a wink. “So come on, I’ll show you to your room.”

He drags George up the stairs, passing many closed doors before they stop in front of the one at the end of the hall.

When the blond pushes it open, George is granted a passageway into the small guest bedroom. There's a desk wedged between a white dresser and a beige wall, a double bed laying pretty in the middle, and a simple black nightstand under the tiny window.

"Cute," he says, sitting at the edge of the bed and staring at Dream as he enters after George.

"Yeah... cute," Dream repeats, eyes trained on the pretty brunet sitting comfortably atop silk-laden sheets.

His demeanor has completely changed, Dream almost hesitant as he stalks closer to George; he's nervous—entirely different compared to the cocky, confident persona George is used to.

It causes George's lips to curve, a sly grin etching itself onto a pale face, permanent coral cheeks wrinkling as Dream stops in front of him, knees bumping with the brunet.

"So," Dream starts, "do you wanna, like, make out first, or something?"

George's brows pinch together, tiredness returning tenfold as he feels the soft texture of the blankets under his form.

"No," he teases, feeling victorious from the other's nervousness as he leans back on his elbows in a sultry manner, "I don't wanna make out with you."

The blond mistakes his tone for something more serious, eyes softening, and a trail of hurt makes its way onto his face. "Not—Not right now?"

"Not ever," George retorts, playful mirage being put forth as he lifts his foot, pressing the sole of his foot against Dream's chest. "I'm tired, remember?" He pushes the other away with a small smirk. "Since *someone* kept me from sleeping."

Nodding, Dream stumbles backward. "Oh, y-yeah—right. Well, I'll let you—" he gestures to the bed. "I'll let you go to bed, then. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, loverboy," George winks, watching Dream give him a soft look of wanting *something more*.

The lights dim with a gentle click, leaving him in the warm glow of the setting sun. His ear draws out a stuttered breath as Dream cracks the door behind him, George falling victim to a seven PM nightfall.

Waking up had never been more repulsing.

The deep yellow and orange rays of the Florida sun had vanished from sight, an illuminating glow of the moon infiltrating the room. And when George checks the time, he isn't surprised, though it does throw him for a loop.

2:12 AM

A soft groan slips off his tongue, the vile lighting of his phone coaxing him to squint his eyes before swiping to turn the brightness down.

He knows he won't be going back to sleep anytime soon—jetlag fucking up his internal clock. And the grumble of his stomach isn't doing any good either, only being reminded that he hasn't eaten anything since before boarding his flight. *Maybe Dream has something...*

With a petty breath passing over the top of his lip, George kicks the heavy-weighted comforter to the side and slides out of bed.

The room's door is cracked open, a glim of light slipping through as he makes his way out—hopefully, to find the bathroom that Dream forgot to show him the whereabouts to (just like the rest of the house).

Silently, George curses his friend out for leaving him to wander around the house like a lost puppy while he looks for the room of his desired need. And for a moment, he thinks he found it, but when his eyes land on a bed that isn't the one he woke up in, his assumptions were proven wrong.

On said bed, Dream lays on his stomach, scrolling through his phone with a pillow tucked under his chin.

He doesn't seem to notice the new body.

The lack of cotton fabric is the first thing George notices, the other's back exposed to brown eyes that are oh-so-wandering. And it's a given that Dream is fit—always having to brag about how he *goes to the gym every day*.

And though he's seen it before—countless pictures saved to his camera roll of a toned, sun-kissed body—he can't seem to pry umber eyes away, all too entranced in the breathtaking image of *Dream*.

Until he's caught staring.

“George?” Dream says, voice rough with an edge of allured huskiness, viridian eyes boring into pale skin. “What are you doing up? I thought you were tired or something.”

He isn't nervous—far from it, really—but for some reason, George can't seem to steady his shaky voice, umber flames never wanting to touch the forest of green and burn it to black ash beneath him.

“I was, uh—looking for the bathroom... but you never, um,” he hesitates. “You never showed me around, so...”

Dream pushes his pillow to the side, grumbling words of incoherence as he slides out of bed, George not being able to keep his eyes to himself. They travel down the bare expanse of tan skin, spit gathering under his tongue as he admires the deep v-line of thin hips where grey sweatpants hang loosely.

He gulps, saliva feeling akin to molten lava being poured down his throat.

“Always have to do everything for you, Georgie,” Dream teases, throwing George a lofty smirk.

George presses his lips into a thin line for a quick second, nodding his head as Dream gets close enough to lean forward, hands gripping the top of the door frame—close enough to have George wanting to back away but craving the warmth of the other.

And he stares—because that’s all he’s able to do, eyes gallivant as they saunter down to take in the sight of Dream, in person, standing right in front of George, and so fucking appealing. Every nerve breaking out in a fit of tumbling coherence as he tries not to fall into the trap of his own temptations.

“I’m hungry,” George opts to say, turning his gaze to the floor while his arms cross over his chest. “Where’s your food?”

“I thought you had to use the bathroom?”

“Well, I do, but—” George stops, opening and closing his mouth like a fish, debating in his head whether or not he wanted to kiss Dream or retreat to his room and sleep.

Dream tilts his head to the side, luring out words twisted in sarcasm. “What? Spit it out, baby.”

It doesn’t take much convincing after that.

“Just never mind. I’m going back to bed.” He gives Dream a pointed glare, not daring to let it slip down again. “Goodnight, nimrod.”

He’s barely able to turn around before an iron-tight grip is wrapped around his wrist, the strength coaxing a soft whimper from the depths of his chest as he’s pulled into Dream’s insulated embrace.

For a moment, nothing is said, the only exchange being warm breath fanned across the bridge of George’s nose and avid eye contact neither of them dare to break. And George silently curses every puny nerve in his body for turning into searing hot strokes of ardor—his façade beginning to crack without a doubt.

“You’re cute when you act all tough,” Dream whispers, the nervous boy George had witnessed hours before seemingly gone.

George rushes to repair the damage.

“I’m not acting tough,” he challenges, “so shut—”

Dream’s hold becomes dangerously tighter. George cuts off with a whimper of unadmitted defeat.

“You know,” Dream starts, strands of ebon-like fire roaring behind green eyes, “there’s *absolutely nothing* stopping me from ripping your clothes off and taking you however the hell I want right here... right now.”

A flash of blistering white strokes every nerve in George’s body, a soft gasp being made out into the air with gentleness, and because he doesn’t know any better, he dares to bite back.

“Then why don’t you?”

Dream grins, eyes wandering down to pretty pink lips before flicking back up to meet burnt umber. A delicate blush sits quaintly on pale cheeks, coralized with warmth as George tries to push at the other’s buttons—tries to get exactly what he’s been promised for the last year of being whatever the hell they were.

And he thinks he’ll finally get it.

That is until Dream drops his wrist and slides past him into the hall.

“Bathroom’s here,” Dream says, strutting to a clad-white door right in front of his room. “I’ll go

look for something to eat in the kitchen. Come down when you're done."

With an untamed smirk plastered on his face, Dream leaves George standing under the bedroom door, a dazed expression washing over calloused skin as he tries to push down the fumbling arousal swirling through his stomach.

And when the bathroom door clicks shut behind him, George lets out a soft groan of utter frustration.

He shouldn't be getting *this fucking horny* over the simple touch of Dream's fingers wrapped around his wrist, nor the strength that was used to keep him still—in place, so he couldn't run away.

Faintly, in the back of his mind, a soft bubble of images float around. Scenarios of Dream using that same strength to pin George's hips down to his bed or pushing him up against a wall and hold his wrists above his head with one hand. Dream could easily maneuver him around into whatever position he wanted, being so much *bigger and taller* than George himself.

But why isn't he doing it? Why isn't Dream giving in?

It feels as if Dream has completely derailed the entire point of George coming to Florida in the first place—to *get fucked until he couldn't walk*.

Maybe Dream doesn't want him in the same way George does. Perhaps the proximity of being together instead of an ocean apart was driving Dream to realize that he only wanted George when miles of blue waves and pixelated screens separated them. That now, the thought of even *touching* George would be repulsing.

No.

George knows that it isn't like that, even if this time, his self-doubt is the means to his torrid downfall.

The way Dream *looks* at him, something of lustful hunger—almost primal possession—is a dead giveaway of mutual concupiscence. He's barely hanging on by a thread, ready to delve into the realm of hinted covet, and George is hoping to cut through the feeble string.

When George stares at the mirrored reflection of his lithe frame, it's humiliating to see how red his face is. His body is burning with the fleeting pricks of hot arousal that course through the marrow of his bones, brain fuzzy with both confusion and titillation.

A sigh embraces the air around him, hand reaching out to twist the cold handle of the sink. It almost felt like it could burn as it's pressed flush to warm skin, George cupping his palms before running chilled water over his face with a graceful huff.

Dream will be the death of him—and maybe, just maybe, George would allow it.

His arousal is pushed down, swallowed back until it was a mere flicker of controlled, tangerine flames. And when George is stepping on the creaking wood of Dream's stairs, he feels a bit more hopeful in the reason of sensuality—quickly filtering away that trepidation of self-doubt.

Patches is curled up on the loveseat, purring gently as she sleeps the night away. (George is almost jealous of it).

"Dream?" he calls out, voice soft to not wake the easily-scared animal.

George wanders his way into a lit kitchen, finding his friend leaning against the island placed in the middle of the room, phone held by big hands. He doesn't saunter on the thought that they both have the same device, but when Dream holds the thing, it looks so tiny—George usually having to hold his own with both hands.

The other meets his gaze. "Hey," Dream pauses for a moment. "I don't have anything we can eat—haven't been to the store, really."

"That's fine," George murmurs, socked feet gliding over hardwood as he steps closer to Dream. "Do you think we can go get something?"

"At two in the morning?"

"Yeah."

George bats his eyes, leaning into Dream's side and pressing his body so close to the other's arm, he can feel the warmth of the Florida sun beaming off tan skin and seeping into his own. And when Dream lets out an exaggerated sigh, shoving his phone into the pocket of his sweats before pushing himself forward, he knows he's won.

"Fine. I gotta change first," Dream pauses, gaze trailing down George's body. "You should, too—get into something more... comfortable."

Brown eyes light up with a fit of excitement, eagerly voicing out a small "thank you" before George is scurrying back upstairs.

Chapter End Notes

part 3 soon !!!!

[my twitter](#)

Sweet Vanilla Latte

Chapter Summary

The 3AM tension breaks—*finally*.

Chapter Notes

chapter 3 !! this is a rlly long one, but i do wanna state a warning for the people to Not do what George does to Dream while driving—it's v dangerous <3

anyway, thank you to my betas for going through this:

silver
toby
bee
purity
scooter
[flame](#)

enjoy chapter 3 !! it's a ride ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's the mirage of streetlights that fly past, the gentle yellow glow illuminating the windy road ahead that draws George in.

There's a soft tune cascading past crisp speakers, Dream humming along so quietly, George would have noticed the slight rasp in his voice had his attention not been elsewhere.

"Dream!" George gasps, enthralled by baby blue bulbs curled to spell out sweetness. "Go there—I want ice cream!"

He doesn't see the short, judgemental look Dream throws at him. "Why do you want ice cream at almost three in the morning?"

"I dunno, just do," George shrugs, turning his head to Dream. "Are you gonna get it for me or not?"

"Is it even open?"

"I guess we'll see."

The blond rolls his eyes, easy to give in to the other's temptations, and flicks the turn signal on, a light huff ringing out alongside soft clicking. George smiles to himself, feeling victorious as he

leans back against leather seats, the car rolling to a slow speed before turning into the parking lot of the ice cream parlor.

It's vacant, white light pearlescent where it flickers through the wide windows of the building—a small sign swirling out red, glowing letters:

Open!

A lonesome worker cleans at the booths close to transparent glass, looking up to notice the car outside pulling into its respective area between two white lines, the yellow glow of the car's headlights reflecting off of the windows, trailing with a metal glint. They huff, hurrying out of the booth they currently tend to before shuffling around to the register.

"They're open," George quips, unbuckling his seatbelt quickly.

The crackle of rocks beneath the rubber of his sneakers is the only sound to accompany the click of the car door shutting.

Dream follows behind, crickets chirping in the air. "I still don't know why you want ice cream this late at night."

"I like sweet things," George hums.

He smiles out a short "thank you" when Dream holds the door open for him. "Such a gentleman."

Checkered black and white floors greet the soles of their feet as they go inside, a bell ringing from the top of the door, the gentle sound alerting the worker George had seen before. Soft indie music floats out from old-time speakers screwed into the corners of the building, the sound falling upon deaf ears.

Dream sticks close, shoving his hands into the pockets of his hoodie. George offers the girl a smile as they step up to the counter.

"Hi," she draws, lazy and uninterested—George doesn't blame her. "What can I get for you two?"

"Uh..." George gazes up to the menu, a chalkboard with pretty swirls of white written in cursive. "I want a vanilla ice cream—only one scoop." He turns to Dream. "What ice cream do you want?"

The other shakes his head, soft strands of blond falling in his eyes. "I'll have a latte, please."

"Is that all for you both?" the girl asks, writing down their order on a receipt pad.

"Yeah, I think so. Are you paying, Dream?"

Dream rolls his eyes, hand digging in the pocket of his jeans for his wallet. "Not like I have a choice, do I?"

A small laugh escapes George's throat. "I'll pay you back when I get back home."

"Nah," Dream hands the girl a ten-dollar bill, "it's fine, princess. I enjoy spoiling you more than

you think.”

George fights back a smirk. The conversation ends there as the worker scoops out a ball of vanilla ice cream, scraping it onto a pointed cone, and handing it to him before getting Dream his respective item.

And when they slide into the same side of a booth, scarlet, cracked leather adorning the cushions, Dream is nine dollars poorer.

“Vanilla ice cream,” Dream breathes, a smug smile on pretty lips. “Didn’t take you as a vanilla guy.”

Smooth legs are placed atop Dream’s, George turning to lean against glass windows as he meets the other’s gaze.

“What’s wrong with vanilla?” His tongue lolls out to lick at cold white. “It’s good, classic, tasty —”

“It’s not you.”

“How do you mean?”

One of Dream’s hands drops to his legs, the other sliding over the top red-clad leather. “I just assumed you’d like something different, that’s all.”

A circle is rubbed into the exposed skin just above George’s ankle, the feeling barely conceivable as he crosses his legs. Dream’s eyes drag down to his thighs decorated with the cuffs of tight, denim shorts for a split second, tongue darting out to lick at his lips.

George laps innocently at the ice cream—not yet caring to notice the intense gaze held on his mouth or the way he licks a long stripe of white.

“Do you like vanilla, Dream?” he asks. “I think you do; you seem like a vanilla kind of guy.

Dream scoffs. “I definitely don’t like vanilla, especially when there’s a variety of things to choose from.”

“Like what?”

“Well, for starters, rocky road,” Dream smirks. “So many textures, each time you have it, it’s a little bit different but always *so* good—so much better than vanilla could *ever* be.”

Brown meets an ocean of green, George raising an eyebrow as he licks at the ice cream again. Dream’s hand flattens against the base of his legs, delivering a light squeeze that does no effect before continuing.

“Again, I just never really took you for a vanilla kind of guy.”

“Well, with ice cream, I can be,” George hums—interested in the melting cone in his hand, “but I think we both know we aren’t talking about that right now.”

White slips down his skin, his tongue quick to lick it clean as he maintains eye contact. There’s a glint of *something* behind slits of vigilance, almost carnal in the juxtaposition of a seemingly innocent conversation.

Dream only huffs out a laugh, bringing his hand up to curl around the cup of his latte before

sipping its contents. George goes back to paying his full attention to the ice cream, velvet tongue licking at the treat.

The music barely slips into their ears, a soft rumble of plastic boxes being tossed around by the girl upfront—she really just wants to go home. Who even keeps an ice cream parlor open this late?

“Do you guys need anything over there?” she pipes up, Dream and George turning their heads to her.

George grins. “No, thank you, though!”

She returns a tight-lipped smile, pushing past silver doors labeled with white: “*Employees Only*”—leaving the two boys on their own, tousled together by an invisible string of heavy tension.

When George’s legs begin to get uncomfortable, dead static tingling through his bones, he shifts around. Sneakers dig hard enough for Dream to cough out a punched breath, almost choking on sweetened liquid before setting the drink down tentatively.

“We’re alone,” George hums out, melted white sticking to his chin.

Dream meets his gaze, eyes falling to a pink mouth for a second. “Well, yeah. It’s the middle of the night.” There’s a pause, then, “You have ice cream on your chin.”

“I know,” the other says, lowering the cone as his free hand is brought to his face.

The pad of George’s thumb rolls over his chin, keeping brown trained on Dream’s expression, watching how ivory canines drag at the flesh of his lip, and green eyes focus on George’s movements.

He wipes the stickiness from his skin, dragging his thumb into his mouth with innocent yet sultry intentions.

A stuttered breath falls from Dream’s tongue, feeling almost immobilized as George sucks the melted ice cream from his finger, all too aware of how *pretty* pink lips look wrapped around something.

“Did I get it?” George asks.

Dream panics. “Yep—yeah. You did, uh, are there any napkins here? I’m gonna go get some—”

When he tries to slide out of the booth, George digs the bottom of rubber sneakers into the other’s thighs, keeping him still and in place. Dream only hisses, looking back up to George.

“We don’t need them, Dream,” George smirks, licking at the ice cream once more. “I can clean my own messes *without* any help, thank you.”

The music changes, something slow and quiet.

Red blooms on tan skin, soft freckles almost being hidden by the deep flush of cheeks—obviously flustered.

“Yeah,” Dream breathes, “I... I’m sure you can.”

George laughs to himself, processing whatever the hell was going through Dream’s mind—deducing a plan in his head that he can play off as innocent.

He turns the cone to the side, lolling his tongue over the ice cream where white dares drip on his clothes. Eye contact is held eagerly, George holding back a snarky comment while he turns the treat around and around, making sure Dream sees the way his tongue digs into coldness.

Barely, George rubs the bottom of his shoes over the top of Dream's lap, hearing a sharp intake of breath followed by the brush of Dream's hand on his ankles.

The dark flare of flames behind green eyes is a clear warning—*behave*.

George readily ignores it.

Instead, he opts to dip an index finger into the top of the ice cream, gathering it onto the tip before taking it into his mouth.

Pink wraps around the digit, swirling his tongue secretly to lap the sweetness away, savoring the taste of vanilla blossoming through his mouth. He can feel Dream tense up when he digs the heel of his shoe down.

"You okay, Dream?" George says with a sweetened lilt, pulling his finger back with a slick *pop*

A reply is at the tip of Dream's tongue when George licks a long stride up the spit-coated digit, making him splutter weakly, the response lost in the air. And it's obvious how affected he is by George's ministrations—how his mind is thinking of *something else*, something impure and vile.

George rolls his foot again, barely holding back a smirk when Dream snaps a hand around his angle, grip strong.

"George."

With a snarky smile resting on pink lips, George tries to dig his foot down again, enthralled by the breathy whimper the other let out.

"Dream."

He's writhing under white rubber, the subtle rise and fall of his chest inherently noticeable by brown eyes. A subtle twist to George's ankle burns lightly with the palm of Floridian warmth against pretty alabaster—he tries to ignore the flare of tangerine and strawberries.

"Stop it."

The blond's response is breathy, nothing short of pathetic, and George feels prideful in knowing why he sounds so gone.

And George smiles, tilting his head to the side as an innocent grin slides across his face. "Stop *what*, Dreamie?"

Another roll of his ankle, and there's a sharp sting against his upper thigh when Dream drops his talus in favor of claiming ownership against smooth denim.

"*That*," he says, and the feel of calloused palms compressing tender skin dares to coax a moan past George's lips. "Stop *that*."

He keeps himself composed, takes a shaky exhale, and runs a lavish tongue along the underside of his cone where sweet drops of white drip onto slender fingers.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

The ice cream is sweet on his taste buds, swirls of forest trained on the action and gripping impossibly tighter around his thigh.

“Yes, you do,” Dream says. “You’re being a fucking tease.”

George chokes on his breath, the gravelly voice of the blond igniting royal blue flames on the expanse of his body, and he’s burning alive in the middle of a fucking *ice cream shop*.

“I-I have no idea what you’re talking about,” he starts, digging his heel closer to Dream’s hardening cock with the newfound mobile freedom. “I’m just enjoying the ice cream you got me. Thank you again, by the—”

“Get up.”

The hand on his thigh leaves, and George misses the warmth almost immediately.

“What?” he asks, eyes wide as he watches Dream slide out of the booth and his ankles fall flat against the decrepit red bench. “But ‘m not done with my ice cream.”

Dream turns around, placing large palms against the sticky table from where he stands, and he rests his entire weight on them, leaning close enough to George, their breaths mingle.

“I don’t care,” Dream grits out. “*Get up*. We’re leaving.”

He doesn’t have room to argue, not when Dream’s voice goes low with a deep timbre of darkness. The eye contact is intense, subtle where George tries to challenge the other further—tries to break the other into giving up what he wants so badly.

And he can only hope Dream will finally give in to his demise.

“Fine,” George huffs, clamoring out of the booth, the stick of his thighs against leather leaving a barely-there mark. He presses himself close to Dream, freehand dropping down to grip the stiffness in jeans. “But you owe me.”

And with a teasing smile, he pushes past Dream, dropping the rest of the ice cream into the trash.

The bell on the door rings on their way out, a quick crackle of rocks under their shoes as Dream hurries behind George, who has a smug smile stuck on his face, knowing he had been victorious in making the other riled up.

Crickets chirp within the humid, three am air, the music left behind for the worker to be graced with instead.

And just as George approaches Dream’s car, rough hands hold him by his waist, being turned around in one swift movement before he’s pushed against the front of the vehicle.

“What are you—”

George isn’t able to finish his sentence, the small of his back pressing hard enough to hurt as he’s barely jolted backward, lips being smashed onto his in an instant.

The gasp he lets out is muffled, swallowed by Dream’s mouth that is now against his own—and holy fucking shit, Dream is *actually* kissing him right now.

It’s everything George has wished for and more, hearing the imaginary fireworks that light through his chest, sparking a chaotic sense of honey and gold. And he thinks he could die a peaceful death,

completely content in the world.

The kiss isn't heated, but when George begins to press himself forward, tilting his head to the side, he knows it'll work its way up to harsh intensity in a matter of seconds.

Dream doesn't leave any room for oxygen, lips moving against the others in a way that causes him to be nothing short of breathless.

A pale hand dances its way in strands of dark blond, George holding himself steady on the car with his other as he tries to bring Dream closer than he already is, wanting more and more—completely selfish in the means of getting it.

Heavy breaths find home against their lips, mixed with a twinge of desperation as Dream takes what he knows they've both been wanting for the longest time.

"Dream," George whimpers against a pink mouth, cutting off with a gasp when sharp canines bite at his bottom lip.

Large hands drag up his body, George using the freedom of his hips to grind against Dream's, another whimper being coaxed out when he can almost feel the outline of stiffness. The action makes Dream groan, biting at pink once more.

Dream licks at the underside of ivory teeth, tasting George on his tongue, and he tastes of a melted essence of sugar, Dream making it a priority to have it churning into sweet latte foam, dissolving away the reminiscence of vanilla ice cream. And if that meant kissing him forever, Dream doesn't mind.

Soft moans float into the air, joining the mist of the pretty night sky of a Floridian moon as George melts to putty beneath ruthless hands that bear the promise of bruises.

"Dream... please," George whines with another roll of his hips.

He's ignored, the deed of all things Dream caressing every nerve enriched into his body, tearing him down with a kiss he doesn't want to part from. George wants to cherish this moment, keep it locked in his brain for safekeeping, only to be dwelled upon by himself.

It's almost as if they're caught up in their own little world—separate from everyone else.

Rough lips soon trail down his jaw, George's eyes fluttering shut as Dream kisses at supple skin. They drag down the paleness, reaching his neck before sucking and biting, tormenting the flesh until a small mark is raised, a temporary claimant of who George belongs to.

"*Dream*," George tries again. "Fuck, *please*."

"Shut," Dream pulls up to sugar pink lips, "the fuck up."

A whimper crawls up the back of George's throat, immediately swallowed by Dream pressing their mouths together again.

Dream wraps an arm around George's waist, small enough to easily be maneuvered by strength as he's made to roll his hips up against the other's. The barely-there stimulation is hazardous, soft fleets of pleasure stumbling over his brain while he grows half-hard in his shorts, muffled moans being graced onto Dream's tongue.

The hand ruffled in Dream's hair falls to broad shoulders, George turning his nails into the

fabricated surface of skin.

He wants to shout praises into the night sky, wants to tell Dream *how good* he feels from the mere implication of harsh kisses and soft rolls of hips. But he can't, too busy caught up in the feeling of Dream's mouth against his own.

His jeans grow tighter by the second, almost mildly uncomfortable as he chases the sweet tandems of release—and he didn't want to part with it.

"More," George moans against Dream's lips. "Please, I need more."

"Sorry, sweetheart," Dream smirks, pulling back to see the messy chaos of the brunet, "but we should get home. Otherwise, I'll end up fucking you on the hood of my car."

George whimpers pathetically. "Would that be so bad?"

There's a moment of silence, barraged by the chirping of crickets and heavy breaths fanned against pretty lips, a moment of brief eye contact held with the roll of thin hips and little whimpers. The beating of hearts pounding in their chests holds an equal value of want and longing—as if they've been waiting for this moment forever. (They were).

And it's until Dream pipes up with a response that stifling tension is broken with a laugh.

"For that worker, maybe." He presses his forehead against George's. "Why don't we save her the trouble of having to stop us from getting it on in the middle of a parking lot, okay?"

A soft whine is coaxed from George's throat as he pouts. "Maybe next time?"

"Sure, Georgie," Dream scoffs, unwrapping his arm where it rests around the other's waist. "Now, hurry up and get in the car before I change my mind from that little stunt you pulled in there."

With the roll of his eyes, George pushes Dream away, huffing as he makes his way around to the passenger side of the car. He waits for Dream to unlock it, sliding inside and fastening his seatbelt when it's finally clicked open.

The strain in his jeans aches for its respective attention, George pressing his thighs together and gnawing on the flesh of his bottom lip with pastel teeth to stifle soft sounds. His palm dares to rub over the almost visible bulge as the car stutters to life, and Dream is backing out of the parking lot.

He needs some type of stimulation—craves it, even, and if it isn't going to be given to him, then he'd take it himself.

Discreetly—or so he hoped—George palms at his cock through the thick fabric of his shorts, elbow propping himself up on the console as he softly digs his teeth into the back of his hand. And it's the jolts of ever-wanted pleasure that have him wanting more.

Brown eyes flutter shut, going back to a few minutes ago when he had his lips pressed against Dream's, wanting to have it again and desperate for anything.

George wants to be drowned in molten hot lava, wants Dream to sear invisible crimson into his very being and own him in the ways nobody else could. He wants it rough and hard, wants bruises in the shape of Dream's hands that'll remind him of every kiss, every touch, that's given.

Dream will flay him alive—and god forbid he'd survive.

Suddenly, a hand ghosts over the skin of his thigh, George yelping softly at the tingle of warmth as he snaps his head over to Dream.

“Really couldn’t wait until we got home, could you?”

A whimper is drawn from George’s chest the second Dream squeezes the supple flesh of his thigh, the strength oh-so-welcoming. And he already feels so far gone, a simple shake of his head following another roll of his palm.

“Please...” George begs.

Dream barely bats an eye in the other’s direction, only dragging his hand up the length of a small thigh, sliding over the inside of alabaster and so fucking close to where George needed to be touched the most.

Another squeeze is delivered and George gasps softly as his eyes roll to the back of his head.

Heat pools low in his stomach, every touch feeling as if it’s burning through his skin, and George has never wanted someone as badly as he wants Dream right at this moment; it almost hurts.

His hand is pushed from his lap, George whimpering in response, tilting his head closer to the boy beside him as he tries to replace the short-lived stimulation. And he doesn’t get far.

“Don’t.”

George whines. “Why not—*please*, Dream.”

He places a hand on top of Dream’s, sliding it up until long fingers brush over the hardness in his jeans. And if George heard the hitch in the other’s breath, he readily ignored it, too desperate to care as he rolls his hips into the calloused hand.

“Please,” George tries again, “I want you—need you. Need you *so bad*, Dream.”

A soft “*oh my god*” falls from Dream’s mouth, allowing himself to run his thumb over the hardness in thin, denim fabric of George’s shorts. The motion only coaxes a moan from the other’s pretty lips, Dream deciding then that the final straw had been bent, something snapping in the back of his mind.

The clicking sound of the turn signal flicks on, Dream pulling over on the empty freeway and putting the car in park.

“Why did you—”

“Just shut up and kiss me,” Dream interrupts.

His seatbelt is gone within seconds as he turns to the side in his seat, a hand sliding around to the nape of George’s neck and smashing their lips together once again.

It’s all muffled whimpers and the taste of vanilla lattes on sugary sweet tongues. The exchange of spit mixes soft cries of desperation, the pressure of sharp canines digging into the flesh of George’s lip—he’d be lying if he said he didn’t wish for blood.

George almost believes Dream used magic when his seatbelt was clicked open, the strap sliding over his frame before it’s gone.

Heavy breaths tip over the edge of whines and short moans, the way of Dream’s mouth rushed and

sloppy against George's—though neither minded, only wanting to be close like this for the rest of time.

Cold hands press against Dream's face, George shifting around in his seat to be able to lean over the console and lick the imprudence of being out in the middle of the night, tangled up together on the side of the highway. It was risky—but George hopes the vacancy stays permanent, at least for a little while.

And though it's a bit of a struggle, George pulls away to climb over the middle, slotting himself in Dream's lap before pressing their lips together again.

It isn't what George expected for their "first time" together—being on the side of a vacant highway at three in the morning—but through a veil of desperation and utter want, he doesn't care.

Dream rests his hands on small hips, thumbs digging into covered, pliable skin hard enough to draw a breathy gasp that's immediately swallowed by a velvet tongue. He pulls them forward, the mere implication of their lust brushing together to make both boys moan in separate octaves.

The bottom of the wheel digs into the small of George's back with each roll of his hips, soft lips kissing down with bites of hunger to terrorize a barely-marked neck. It has him throwing breathy sounds up at the ceiling of the car, a content mantra of pleased noises.

"Fuck—" George whimpers, jolts of fire flashing through his bones. "God, f-fuck, Dream."

There's a growl vibrating into the crook of his neck, followed by a possessive engrain of ivory teeth and a warm tongue. George doesn't have to see the damage being done to his skin to know a plethora of purple and red will layover within the morning.

His lips are forever parted, a string of soft moans and chants of "*Dream*" being the only thing that dares to slip out, dainty hands twisting the collar of Dream's shirt, pulling at grey fabric and—

"Holy shit!" George yelps, the sudden barrage of a car horn making him jump and hit his head.

Dream is laughing, George lightly punching him on the shoulder, and it's abundantly clear that impotent manners have ruined the intensity of the moment.

"Stop fucking laughing, dickhead," he huffs out meanly, leaning back and crossing his arms over his chest—despite the wheel continuing to dig into his back. "It isn't funny."

"Kinda is," Dream smirks. "Maybe it's the universe giving us a sign."

George rolls his eyes. "No, it's the universe being a fucking cock blocker."

"Oh, shut up, you'll get me soon enough."

"But I want you now," George whines. "I need you to fuck me already—I've waited too long just to have you swerve me every time."

There's a harsh push of his hips, Dream digging his thumbs into bone. "I don't want to fuck you on the side of a freeway, George. You can wait ten more minutes."

With a puff of air and petty glares sent by brown eyes, George clamors over the console with a soft "*fine, asshole.*"

"Watch your mouth, brat."

“Watch it for me.”

It’s a challenge, one that isn’t going to be put up to bet as Dream puts the car into gear and pulls back onto the road. And it makes George huff once more, utterly frustrated that Dream isn’t fucking touching him while he’s still hard in his shorts—like he should be doing.

Fine, two can play at that game.

“What the—” Dream starts as George places a hand over jean-clothed stiffness. “What the hell are you do—*George!*”

He stifles a moan the second George squeezes the head of his cock, hand going stiff as he tries to keep the steering wheel steady.

“George, s-stop it. I’m *driving*.”

The brunet hums, uninterested in the protests. “Well, then I guess you better stay focused, Dreamie.”

George runs his thumb along the length of Dream’s cock, taking pride in the stuttered breath and soft whimper emitted into the air around. It’s helplessly obvious how hard Dream is, and George almost feels bad for teasing him for the last hour and a half.

And he’s *so vulnerable*, too focused on the road to even try and paw needy hands from his cock. In a different situation, George knows he wouldn’t be allowed to tease like this and get away with it—knows the whispered promises through black mics and cushioned headphones will become a reality by the time they get home.

But for now, who’s to stop his fun?

The soft ring of a zipper being opened and a button being popped accompany Dream’s rapid breathing.

“George,” he warns, attempting to push the other’s hand away, “wait until we get home, *please*.”

Without much of a struggle—mainly due to Dream needing to drive—a cold hand pulls his cock from the hole in his underwear. And George feels content as he glides his thumb over the slick tip, biting at his lip to fight the smirk.

“You can stop me if you’d like,” George hums, leaning in close. “Say the word, and I’ll stop.” His head lowers. “Come on, Dream, say it. Say you don’t want it. *Say you don’t want me*.”

Dream holds back. George darts his tongue out to lick at the head, hoping to coax the words out of him.

“Ten fucking minutes, George,” Dream grits out, “and I swear to god, the second we get home, your mouth is getting fucked.”

George barely shrugs, mumbling a simple “fine” as he takes the head of Dream’s cock into his mouth, a bittersweet taste blooming on his tongue. His lips suckle gently at the sensitive skin, swiping wetness along the slit where precum beads in pretty scopes against taste buds.

It draws a ferocious plea of obscenities, George giggling softly as he pulls away with a slick *pop*.

“You good, Dreamie?”

Dream huffs, using a free hand to push the other's head back down. "Just suck me off like you wanted to, you fuckin' slut."

"Gladly."

The hand stays laced in a field of brown hair, George wrapping pretty pink around the head of Dream's cock again, precum slicking over his lips as he sinks halfway. And the subtle brush of his tongue along the glans has Dream gasping out a moan, hand unsteady on the wheel.

"George, I'm going to fucking *crash* if you keep it up."

He gets ignored, George rolling his eyes as he hums out an incoherent disagreement, the vibrations sending a jolt of pleasure through Dream's mind. And maybe it's dangerous, but George can't find it in him to care. (Maybe he gets off at the risk of it, or maybe he's a lunatic with a death wish).

Lavishly, George drags his tongue up to swirl around the head once more, his hand wrapped around the base sliding up to reach the parts he doesn't want to envelop yet.

And he knows Dream is having a difficult time driving, which is why he decided to make it even more so by scraping his teeth over a sensitive spot he knows existed since Dream always ran his thumb over it when a screen separated them.

The reaction is instantaneous.

"Holy *fuck*, George," Dream moans. "You did that on purpose, you little bitch." Another moan. "Why'd I let you do this while I'm driving?"

George hums, his head sinking further to take more of the thickness. And when he starts to bob his head, rolling his tongue along the side before pushing down halfway, the low sounds he gets in return are more than encouraging.

With each draw up, George teases his tongue along the slit, swirling it around before pushing back down. It's a mess of slick sounding noises, spit daring to dribble out from his mouth.

The edge of the console digs into the side of his ribs, the pain minuscule compared to the large length splitting his jaw open.

It's everything he's imagined, everything he's wished for when he'd rut into his hand or fuck himself open on three fingers, always craving the sensual touch of *Dream* across every square inch of his body.

It's everything he was promised when he was still an ocean away.

And it's until George is tugged away, the slightest sting of pain on his scalp as Dream pulls at his hair, that he realizes that his ten minutes are up—he swears it had been less.

The familiar sight of Dream's house meets his eyes when he sits back in his seat. "You didn't have to—"

"Get out of the car, George."

He swallows thickly at the low demand, Dream tucking himself back into his jeans before hurrying out of the vehicle. And George knows what this means for him—a hoarse voice and bruises were soon to greet him tomorrow, and he can't wait.

Quickly, George follows behind, messing with his hair in hopes for it to look at least halfway decent before the night ahead.

And if the warm hand that curls around his throat and presses him up against the door as soon as they step inside and kick their shoes off means that he's in for a heap of trouble, then he doesn't mind.

"You've been such a *bitch* tonight, princess," Dream breathes out against George's lips, hand threatening to squeeze tighter.

George holds his steadily slipping composure.

"Because I want what I want." His eyes flicker down to Dream's lips. "And I always get what I want."

Nothing is said for a few seconds, Dream analyzing every speckle of skin that adorns George's face, memorizing it for when he's back to being viewed by a pixelated canvas, his frailness to be only held by soft eyes and communicated wants.

And then the silence is broken, Dream guiding his hand away from a pale neck to push George forward.

"Get your ass on the couch," Dream growls, tone harsh. "And for the rest of the night, we'll be doing everything how *I* want. Got it?"

"Whatever you say, *daddy*."

Dream cringes, rolling his eyes as he pushes George onto the sofa, letting his hand slide under the boy's chin to then bring him closer. George coats his lips with a thin sheen of spit, quick to pull the hem of Dream's jeans down—along with grey boxers.

His cock springs free from the fabric in front of George's face, spit gathering under his tongue from having Dream so close to his mouth once more.

"You want it, sweetheart?" Dream tilts his head to the side, using his free hand to guide the head of his cock to George's lips, sliding slickness over pink. "Want me in your mouth?"

George begs with his eyes. "Please."

"I don't think you deserve it yet," the blond hums. "You know, after that stunt you pulled."

"Which one?"

With a soft tut, Dream pushes the head of his dick past the plushness of pink lips, the tops of George's teeth brushing over sensitive skin, coaxing a soft moan from the back of his throat.

It's pleasurable in the way George makes a show of swirling his tongue around the tip, a teasing glint dancing behind brown eyes. He drops his jaw to allow Dream to push more of his length inside the warmth of his mouth and take whatever the hell he wants to—George is more than happy to worship him with velvet pink for the rest of time.

George looks up with pleading eyes, though snarky intentions still linger behind, and Dream hopes to rid him of it within the rough cravings of the night.

"So fuckin' pretty for me, angel," Dream moans, heavy and ensured. "Such a perfect little

cocksleeve.”

And it’s then the high walls of apprehensiveness crack, threatening to fold underneath George and call him a victim to Dream’s devilish tone as a whimper is silenced by the head of thickness.

“You like that?” Dream smirks, noticing the barest of submission hidden behind pretty eyes. “Like being called my pretty cocksleeve?”

George whines, trying to nod his head.

“How *pathetic*.”

The moan he gets in return confirms everything even further—though Dream already knows exactly what George likes, and he’s willing to give him whatever his pretty little heart desires.

Dream slides his hand from underneath George’s jaw, fingers tangling in brown locks as he pushes himself farther inside, burying his cock deep in the other’s throat. And it’s moments like this he’s grateful for knowing George doesn’t have a gag reflex.

Even without one, however, the thickness prodding at his throat being enough for George to whine, feeling as though he’s been restricted of all oxygen, and his eyes bear with salty tears almost immediately.

It’s a pretty sight for Dream to behold—the flush of usually pale cheeks, hooded eyes that welcome a red flame of hunger, and a pink mouth wrapped around the width of his cock.

When he sinks to the hilt, the hand that previously guided himself into George falls away, replacing itself beside the other. Dream holds George still, nose pressed against his pelvis, hearing heavy breaths that sound akin to pretty whimpers.

George rolls his tongue on the underside of skin as Dream pulls out, feeling the pulse against the walls of his mouth.

Spit connects the bottom of George’s lips to the head of the other’s cock, heavy where it grows in concentration, enough for it to break and drop to the floor. And almost immediately, he misses the feeling of Dream splitting his jaw open, diving deep into his throat, and taking advantage of warm wetness.

He doesn’t last long pondering on wanting more, Dream pushing his head back down with two hands.

And with the last words of “I swear to f-fuck you won’t be able to speak tomorrow,” Dream thrusts his hips forward with a sudden jolt.

George yelps around the intrusion, moaning loudly as the tip of Dream’s cock hit the back of his throat, though it’s anything but unwelcoming—he would always embrace anything coated with the soft sugar of *Dream*.

His thrusts begin slowly, Dream rocking in and out of the tight heat, muting every bratty remark that could dare to slip out with veiled venom.

George’s hair is long enough for fingers to thread through almost too easily, Dream dragging his head down in time with his thrusts as they turn more rapid and inconsistent. And the soft moans falling from Dream’s mouth were every indication of how good each wet roll of a pink tongue felt.

Soft moans vibrate onto his cock, adding more than enough stimulation to be anything less than good—Dream already so fucking close to the edge.

The taste of bittersweetness mixes with a vanilla aftertaste, uncut nails flinging out to dig into the tan skin of freckled thighs, streaks of crimson sheathes drawn behind supple flesh. It's almost enough to draw blood, Dream groaning out praises laced with sick moans.

The slide of thickness along his tongue is enough for George to crave more, flicking his tongue over the underside of the glans with every pull out. Each nudge to the back of his throat has him seeing white, the vulgar sounds of spit and pathetic moans filling the gaps of silenced air.

Dream's hands tug at chocolate strands, pulling George down on his cock with the subtle leverage; the combined roughness brings tears to brown eyes, slipping beautifully from pink waterlines.

And fuck, George looks beautiful when he cries.

He looks even more beautiful with Dream's cock shoved to the back of his throat.

Dream makes it known, too.

"So fucking pretty, baby. Taking me so well, oh my *god*." He tilts his head back as a coil of recognizable doom knots together low in his stomach. "I'm close—fuck, George."

George tightens his lips at the confession, flicking his tongue over a vein that runs on the underside, his teeth scraping over top sensitiveness—over the top of that one place that he knew would make Dream crumble.

He tries to pull out and keep himself from painting the back of George's throat white, but dainty hands hold the back of his thighs, nails digging into the skin hard enough to leave marks. And the way George looks up at him breaks any train of oxygen flowing through dark lungs, the pretty boy below him almost begging with his eyes for Dream to *stay*.

The rough thrusts have slowed, spit trailing down the curve of George's chin as he begins to bob his head, dragging pastel canines along every inch of Dream as he pulses against a wet tongue.

It has Dream letting out a high moan mixed with a soft cry of George's name as warm cum spills down the back of his throat.

And he tries to pull back again.

But George doesn't let him.

George makes him stay in place, Dream completely enthralled by the mere sight of wet eyelashes and a slick mouth wrapped around his length. And the added stimulation of his tongue sliding over the thickness has every nerve in Dream's body shaking as he's pushed further into his orgasm.

A mantra of George's name falls from Dream's mouth, watching as white slips out from the corner of pretty lips. He places a hand on frail shoulders, tries to push George back into the couch—to push his sinful mouth back with him and off his overstimulated cock.

"Too much, George," he whispers.

The smirk is ever-present on George's face, Adam's apple bobbing in his throat as he swallows the bittersweetness that hadn't slipped out.

“Too much?” George repeats. “I think it’s not enough, especially since you still have to fuck me. Wouldn’t wanna leave me disappointed, now would you?”

A flare of fire sparks behind forests of green, something that holds the utmost power of control and equal want—George only adds fuel to that fire, watching it light up into a fury of ash.

“My bedroom,” Dream huffs, “now.”

George smiles with a heap of sass, Dream close behind after tucking himself back into his boxers, kicking his jeans somewhere to be worried about later.

It’s all hushed laughs, and sugared salt as Dream grabs George by the hips at the top of the stairs, pulling him close as they walk to the bedroom—which Dream knows will gain the title of “theirs” by the time the night sky turns orange in the territorial rise of the sun.

Even if it’s temporary.

Or too *domestic* to be “just friends.”

George is pressed against beige walls just before they reach Dream’s room, lips slotting together in a reminiscence of something soft and wholesome.

A bitter essence undoes the earlier taste of vanilla ice cream—and for some reason, Dream favors himself over the melted white, favors the possessiveness that flows through his bloodstream. Or maybe it was just George he preferred over anything.

When gentle hands tug at the hem of cotton fabric, Dream smiles against even gentler lips.

“You want something, baby?” he teases.

George whines in response, mouth trailing down to mark tan skin as *his*, and maybe he feels that same possessiveness scorching his nerves with pretty green.

“Off,” he whispers into the flush. “Your shirt... please.”

Teeth dig into a tan neck, hard enough for Dream to groan out a muffled response of words, George slipping his hands underneath the fabric, pressing palms flat against warmth. And when his nails leave crescent marks in red cursive, he can only hope they’ll stay until morning.

He parts with a soft breath, looking up into Dream’s eyes like a lost puppy who found its owner.

In seconds, Dream’s shirt is discarded, George taking advantage of exposed skin to leave gentle, red reminders of this night. (As if there wasn’t going to be more placed the next day).

“Fuck, George,” Dream says with a breathless edge the moment teeth bite down once more. “Go easy on me, will you?”

“No,” the other whines in response. “Want people to know you’re mine.”

Dream grins. “I’m yours?”

“You’re mine.”

The taller hums with satisfied content, hands quick to remove George’s shirt before it’s thrown to the side, a puddle of white cotton joining grey. And then large hands pin small hips to the wall, a whimper laced with a breathy gasp falling from a vanilla tongue.

“And what about you, hm?” Dream says, whispering words into the pale skin of a neck. “How will everyone know you belong to me?”

A soft kiss is planted in the crook of George’s neck, followed by another before Dream is sucking at supple skin, branding him with a vermilion stain of sick possession. He knows without looking that there will be a necklace of purple bruises and teeth-shaped marks drawn with puffy redness within hours.

Thumbs haphazardly dig into the bone of his hips, George wishing for nothing short of soft bruises in the perfect indentation of Dream’s hands—the best remembrance of who they are.

“You fuck me,” George moans in response. “You fuck me u-until I’m screaming your name, and the-the neighbors know it.”

And with a final push over the edge, rough hands tug him forward, pushing him past the doorway of Dream’s room, a loud *slam* following them.

George starts to say something, but Dream replaces his hands on the brunet’s waist, gently lifting him enough to contrast the harsh shove he gives when he throws George onto the middle of the bed—as if he weighed nothing. The creak of the mattress sounds alongside the light whimper George emits when he lands on his back, Dream crawling on top of him and catching his mouth in another bruising kiss.

Nails drag over the exposed surface of biceps, clawing red streaks to last a lifetime as Dream trails down, giving open-mouthed kisses to the expanse of George’s throat.

It’s all heavy breaths and soft gasps laced with a swig of sweetness, brown eyes fluttering closed as hands fall pliantly to the mattress. Dream catches them in a rough hold, pressing frail wrists against plushness next to the chocolate splays of hair.

And if there’s one thing that Dream likes most about George, it’s how he’s so *responsive*, falling to pieces under barely-there kisses where Dream leaves trademarks carved in stone.

Every nerve is lit aflame by the match of pretty lips dipped in latte flavored foam, dragging down George’s body, trailing sweetness over every corner of paleness. George leans into the touch, back arching in voluntary servitude to feel every kiss being burned into his skin.

Soft gasps turn into little moans, Dream ghosting his hands up and down George’s sides as his lips reach just below the other’s navel.

“Please,” George whimpers, head tilted to the ceiling.

His hips are pinned in place on the mattress, rough hands pressing into bone, and the gentle ring of a zipper being undone has him almost confused—but when he looks down, eyes catching with green, he moans at the sight of pearly teeth latched to the metal of jeans.

It’s beyond sensual; watching Dream tug the zipper down using only his mouth strikes so much more than a roaring fire of arousal. It unlocks something profound, uncanny, and for some stupid reason, it’s entirely too attractive.

“*Holy fuck*, Dream,” George breathes, sitting up on his elbows. “You’re so fucking *hot*.”

Dream smirks, barely pulling his head up to bite at the jeans’ button, snapping it open without any hassle.

The shorts are thrown to the side within seconds, underwear dragged down the length of legs to let George's cock lay flat on his stomach—all pretty and flushed red at the tip, leaking precum with obscene pearlescent beads that dare to paint his skin alabaster.

Large hands splay underneath George's thighs, pushing them up so his knees are bent. It allows Dream to situate himself between the paleness, eyes trained on the deep shade of coral that decorates barely freckled cheeks, falling to the mess of ruby-colored marks and purpled prose.

Tingles float across George's skin, becoming self-conscious from the almost predatory glint behind viridian and white as he's being admired by the boy above. He feels as if he's being stripped of his vulnerability, aventurine eyes scorching invisible marks into his nude form.

The firm grip on his thighs dares to become bruising, uncut nails digging into the flesh hard enough to draw a soft gasp. Then they slide up the inside, spreading George's legs apart—completely exposed for Dream's viewing pleasure.

His cock pulses, leaking another bead of precum onto the soft suppleness of his stomach, Dream dropping one of his thighs to the side to splay a palm over his navel.

"You know," Dream flicks the pad of his thumb over a red flush of skin, "what you did back in the car was dangerous."

"Oh, please," George scoffs, breaths getting heavier. He ignores the spikes of ardor dancing along the skin of his body. "It wasn't *that* dangerous. If anything, i-it was quite fun."

The waiver of his voice is barely hidden, but Dream doesn't seem to notice, only humming nonchalantly as he forms a loose fist around the head of George's cock. A soft breath brushes over the top of his lips, kiss-bitten and red as they split open with a whine.

Calloused and rough, Dream lazily drags his hand down to the base, voice low and laced with strands of ebon.

"You really *are* a whore, George—impatient, too."

A soft noise punches out into the air, teetering on the edge of a whimper as Dream continues to jerk the other at a pace that's antagonizing and slow.

"Just... Just wanted you, Dream—*needed* you."

With the lazy drag of warmth over the skin of his cock, his words are nothing short of pathetic. And it feels as if there's a swarm of fire impending low in his gut, priding an everlasting itch of sweetness and gratuity.

The bed creaks under the slightest movement of Dream's knees, closing the small gap that connects hips flush with the back of George's thighs as he sits back on haunches.

"Well, since you *need me* so bad," Dream smirks, his grip becoming nothing but a stillness of hands, "you can get the lube."

Brown eyes grow eager, a match of striking passion behind George's eyes, flames large enough to mask the bratty display of stubbornness.

At George's defying silence, Dream delivers a light squeeze to the base of his cock, pleased jolts of righteous pain shooting through the brunet's body as he arches his back, gasping out a response.

“W-Why can’t you get it?”

Another squeeze and Dream relishes in the throaty whimper that escapes twisted lips.

“You’re closer.”

“But *you’re* the one that’s supposed to fuck me.”

Dream watches the seconds go by until the weight of what George just said lands heavy in his mind, and the brunet’s eyes widen at the cocky smirk shining through swirls of emeralds.

“Not with your attitude like that.”

Calloused fingers dig into the sensitive part of George’s cock, and one pitifully strained moan later, he’s twisting his upper body, reaching one arm towards the battered nightstand and dragging the top drawer open.

Pleased, Dream rewards him, picking back up from where he left off to glide his palm up and down George’s length, the latter gasping and nearly dropping the bottle to the floor at the unexpected stimulation.

“Careful, baby,” Dream tuts. “Wouldn’t want to lose that, would you? I’d have to fuck you dry.”

George regains his grip on the bottle of lube, his back arching in immeasurable amounts of pleasure when he once again settles in his original position.

“I-I got it…” he trails off, and Dream focuses on tightening his fist in order to pull more pretty sounds past kiss-bitten lips.

“Though, you’d probably like that, wouldn’t you?” Dream ignores him. “You’re so desperate for me. You’d take it any way you could get it. Even if that meant me splitting you open using just your fucking *spit*.”

Merciless hands slide up and down a pretty length, George having turned into a mess of heavy breaths and whimpers from the upward strokes. And though the thought of Dream’s words sound nothing but painful, he finds himself nodding, throwing out small agreements as he’s brought to the edge.

“Please, ‘m so close,” he whines, the bottle of lube left to lay forgotten on the bed.

Dream tilts his head to the side, a smug smirk resting on latte-flavored lips as the movements of his wrist become faster. “Yeah? You wanna cum, princess?”

The muscles in George’s stomach clench, chest heaving and eyes fluttering shut. It’s a spindle of little jolts of pleasure that swirl around and knot together as one big toll of impending doom. And he almost hates how quickly he’s been worked up to this point—so much so that he can’t even voice out a response.

“Look at you,” Dream hums daringly. “Can’t even answer a simple question. How pathetic.”

He then flattens his palm, rolling the ball of his hand up and down the length to pull more sporadic moans from bitten raw lips.

“Do I make you feel *that* good? To the point where you can’t even think?” Dream rolls his palm into the head of George’s cock, the brunet spluttering helplessly. “Come on, tell me, angel. Are

you too dumb to think?”

George grapples for the comfort of cotton bedsheets, twisting fabric sheets with his fists as he turns his head to the side, a mantra of whimpers mixed with breathy moans falling from his mouth. He feels the spindle threatening to snap, shatter like glass and bleed him dry of all senselessness.

And when Dream curls his fingers underneath, lifting the length before letting it fall back down with a pitiful smack, George relents.

“Yes—please, oh please, Dream. Let me cum, *please!*”

Lowly, Dream quips a short “No,” followed by a dark laugh and a weak cry of barley silenced moans.

Completely frustrated, George groans—and because he’s never been good with impulse control, never knowing when to shut his mouth and stop snarky comments from spewing out, he spits out rough words mixed with a calloused edge of regretful mirth.

“God, fuck! The stupid *machine* made me feel better than this!”

Before he could get a chance to take his words back, whimper an apology and beg out a plea of how he could be good, Dream’s hand jerks forward, encasing the expanse of a hollow throat.

The rough, calculated squeeze to his carotids blitzed a foggy haze of white lust, coaxing brown eyes shut and his back to arch off the bed. George’s thigh is bent with the lean of Dream’s figure, knee almost pressed to his shoulder as all strength is put into the grip wrapped around bruised paleness like a choker.

Lips split open and a breathy escape of air, Dream leaning in so close yet still so far away. The burn in George’s thigh could almost hurt as much as the uncut nails digging into the sides of his neck, but it would be a lie if he said he didn’t like it.

“You forget that I was the one controlling it,” Dream whispers with delicate strands. “So all the pleasure you felt, all your pathetic little moans, your orgasms—they were all because of *me*. They were *my* doing.

George doesn’t think he’ll ever get enough of it. Not when Dream sounds like *that*—rough and oh-so-confident.

“I even flew you out here, bought you ice cream, and now here I am, fucking you even after you almost made us crash.” A whimper pushes through. “And yet you *still* wanna be a brat?”

“‘m sorry, Dr’m,” George tries, the lack of oxygen to his brain clouding over every sense of rationale, his bratty act floating down to a mere flicker of flames.

And with quick movements, strong hands flip George over, a trifling gasp ghosting the air before his head is pushed down into plush pillows, and his ass is up in the air.

Dream traces a lone hand down the curved slope of the brunet’s back, pressing himself close behind. “You will be.”

Then, benignly, nails drag back up, leaving pretty shades of crimson streaks that have George whining into the pillows as he tries to prop himself up on his hands. He’s only shoved down, chest meeting the mattress once more with a firm grip around the nape of his neck.

“Stay fucking still.”

With a whimper of agreement soaked into cotton, Dream removes his hand, bending over the smaller boy’s body and kissing upward—a gentle reminder of his pristine fondness.

His lips trace over the puffy redness of nails marks, hands resting on either side of soft hips as he whispers into the skin.

“So pretty...” Another kiss. “So perfect...”

Hot breaths barrage every inch of pale skin, dripping like hot lava over the small of George’s back as Dream’s kisses seep underneath hyperactive nerves. And it’s rough palms that kneed tenderly over his ass, spreading him apart and subjecting him to complete vulnerability.

The warmth of a wet tongue presses against his entrance, George gasping into the pillows as dainty hands turn to white sheets—and he knows exactly where this is going.

Dream licks a long, slow stride, dragging his tongue over sensitive intimacy with less than enough fervor to make George whine and secretly ask for more with the subtle draw of hips pushing backward. And he does it again, just as slow and drawn with slick spit.

Muted whimpers bounce off the beige walls, projecting onto deaf ears as Dream swirls his tongue in gentle strokes to stretch George open, pushing past taut muscle.

A quiet mewl of Dream’s name spilled into a silk-laden pillowcase could be enough for him to become addicted. The way of his tongue deems an even better showcase of muddled cries and pretty whines that manipulate their way into the back of his mind, scouring the heavens for some resemblance of fallen dignity.

He supposes he wouldn’t find it—didn’t need to when it’s splayed out in front of him in pretty pale skin and barely-there whispers of “*please.*”

Dream licks his way into George with little resistance, tongue teasing in and out with respectable zeal. And the thumbs that keep him spread open flee in the feeble attempt to keep him still, from pushing back against Dream’s face.

And the warmth leaves almost as quickly as it came when George whines—loud and unashamed.

“What? Is my tongue not enough for you?” Dream rasps, the sudden sting of a heavy palm blitzing over supple skin. “First, you’re a brat.” Another hit. “And *now* you wanna be greedy, too?”

With another hard slap to his ass, George’s toes curl up, and his body shakes unlawfully. A loud whine mixed with the torrential cry of immense pleasure consuming his mind as the spikes of pain turn into leisurely stowed lust, white painting the bed sheets sticky.

It’s more than unexpected—George can’t even process that he came, more so the fact he was even close in the first place. Too caught up in his head to presume all of the crimson daggers dipped in minuscule vials of imparted wax.

“Did you just cum, angel?” Dream asks, rubbing soft circles into burning red skin despite the roughness adorning his usually tender voice.

An embarrassed whine spills into the pillows, George’s knees going weak as he slumps over on his side. Umber trails a gold swirl to mix with viridian skylines, a barely discernible pout masking pink lips.

“Didn’t m-mean to—*ah!*”

Startled from the sudden maneuver of strong hands forcing his legs open, George yelps, his lower back tumbling on the wet warmth of cum beneath him. It’s disregarded.

Dream has a sick smirk on his face, brushing his nails up the flaccidity of George’s cock—just to see how the brunet shivers and his hands try to push him away.

“Such a little pain slut,” Dream teases, turning his hand over to palm at George’s over-sensitive cock. “Especially if you came like *that*. And you didn’t even ask, did you?”

Little whimpers and breathy pants flow out from a velvet tongue. “Ah! Please—*fuck*—I d-didn’t... didn’t mean to, Dre-am.”

With a harsh roll of Dream’s palm into the head, tangerine fires alight every bundle of nerves in his body, his brain almost malfunctioning as he sputters helplessly.

“Oh, please!” George gasps, back arching off the bed. “T-Too much, oh *god*, it’s too much!”

“Sweetheart,” Dream coos expectantly, “don’t think for a second that I’m done with you. Just because you got off—without permission, might I add—doesn’t mean I’ll give you leeway. Because you wanna know something, baby?”

George swallows a moan. “W-What...?”

“I don’t care if it hurts,” Dream rolls his bottom lip between his teeth, chest huffing as if he’s holding back a laugh. “I don’t care if you scream my name so loud that the neighbors call the cops. I’m *still* going to fuck you until you can’t think about anything other than my cock.”

And with a stuttered breath and a harsh tug to his cock, George throws his head back into the pillows, a whisper of “god, please,” reverberating off the walls.

Dream awkwardly shuffles his underwear down, his fully hard cock breaking free of cotton briefs before they’re thrown to the side, and his hand is back on George.

“Do me a favor, angel,” he asks, a lone finger dragging up the top of sensitive skin as he gets a soft hum in response. “Pass me the lube?”

Shaky hands fumble for the bottle of translucency, thumb clicking open the cap with a squeaky sound. George pours a thick coat of coldness over Dream’s fingers, which still stroke him with the barest of grips, and he gasps, biting down on his lip to stifle a following moan.

And maybe it isn’t exactly what Dream asked for—lube coating his fingers instead of having them wrapped around the bottle—but George doesn’t care.

“Not so much, princess,” Dream laughs, slick sounds accompanying the lazy stroke of his hand. “Still gotta keep some for the rest of your stay, yeah?”

“Please,” George whimpers pathetically, almost too senseless to stop pouring the lube over Dream’s hand. “I d-don’t—*ah, fuck!*—I don’t care. Just f-fuck me... please just fuck me.”

Humming, Dream squeezes the head of George’s cock, his thumb quickly swiping over the frenulum. “What was that, baby?”

The lube cap is closed, George pressing it into the mattress of the bed before dainty fingers grip

onto cotton sheets. His mouth is split in a constant cry of overwhelming pleasure, his cock almost fully hard. And he almost forgets to respond.

“Fuck m-me, pl’s’e,” he moans, hands trying to push Dream away. “Wan’ your—your cock.”

Blistering heat slides down his cock, thighs shaking with trepidation as each drag feels as if it’s burning through every nerve in his body. And the pleasure is *so good* and George can’t decide if he wants more or less—presumably the first.

With an upward stroke, Dream teases, “Yeah? You want my cock, little one?”

George nods to the best of his fucked out ability—and if there are any traces of stubbornness left to filter through his blood, it didn’t care to make an appearance.

“But I thought you said that the machine was better than this?” Dream questions with faux confusion, slowing his strokes to something non-existent. “So, are you sure that it’s me you want, angel?”

“Yes! Please, Dream, *please!*”

His navel is covered with a glistening sheen of lube, his cock, too. Cold seeps into warmth, Dream’s hand settling at the base before giving a slight squeeze, coaxing a soft moan. And when brown eyes are trained to green, glossy tears threaten to spill over once more.

If Dream wasn’t so enthralled, wasn’t completely drawn in by sadistic tendencies that imagine watching those same tears fall down pristine skin, he would’ve felt bad. But he also knows that George can say the words, and he’ll stop.

And it’s then Dream finally gives in, seeing usually defiant eyes all pretty and submissive—the boy below completely pliant and begging.

George thinks everything is happening in slow motion, from the barest tug of his cock, to strong hands gripping the backs of thighs as he’s maneuvered around to Dream’s desired liking.

His legs are still spread apart, and Dream is still between them, the only fix being the posture of the blond’s back. And the faintest trail of already slick fingers find their way down, Dream prodding his middle at the taut entrance.

“You ready, baby?”

A curt nod and a soft whisper of “*please*” later, and Dream is pushing past the rim with careful intentions.

Gentle mewls slip from velvet pink lips, a short gasp, and a mere whisper of ‘*fucking finally*’ coating over with thick polish. They barely make anything coherent, but Dream still hears it.

“Don’t start acting up now, princess,” Dream murmurs. “Otherwise, you can fuck yourself open.”

Dream sinks to the first knuckle, and then the second, his finger already stretching George in a way he isn’t all that used to.

Even through the countless nights on video call where lithe fingers would push past the vulnerability of himself, displayed to preying green eyes, nothing could compare to the feeling of Dream. One of Dream’s fingers equaled two of George’s own, and he can only anticipate the burning stretch of a second.

George bites his tongue to yell out a request for Dream to *get on with it*, because it'll only make the other go even slower—George knows exactly how he likes to play.

Sinking to the hilt, Dream curls his finger, the pad barely grazing over a bushel of fire masked by a bundle of nerves. George whimpers at the suddenness, hands gripping tighter around bed sheets before his sounds are stifled, and his hips try to roll down.

With a slow drag along the inside of sensitive walls, Dream pulls out, finger slicked with an abundance of lube.

“So *wet*, Georgie. Like a fuckin’ slut.”

The strangled moan he gets in response fuels him to plunge his finger back inside at a feverous pace. A snarky smile laces over devilish lips as Dream does it again and again, just barely brushing over the boy's prostate each time.

George stutters over his moans. “N-Not a—*ah!* ‘m not a slut.”

“Oh, I know, angel,” Dream coos. “You’re my good little boy, taking my fingers so well, darling.”

Soft gasps leave Dream’s skin aching red, his cock sitting between his legs, completely untouched since a pink tongue graced its tip. And it stays that way as he pushes in his index finger alongside his middle.

George whimpers and moans at the slight stretch, eyes rolling to the back of his head from merciless hands plunging inside, fingers spreading apart in scissoring motions. Each prod to that little bundle of nerves leaving his mouth agape and oh-so-pliable.

“‘S all for you,” George moans, Dream’s pace picking up. “Only f-for you... *please.*”

“Good boy,” Dream coos, dragging out his words as he twists his fingers. “All mine, baby. So fucking good for me, little one.”

The intimacy passed through a mellowed screen of luminosity could never beat the physicality of warm hands and shallow touches. That being *here* laying in the middle of Dream’s bed, coursing pleasure jolting through every nerve of his body just from the slick slide of large fingers inside him—it’s all so much and not enough.

And here is where George is Dream’s boy, all his to have, to own, *to fuck*—

“All yours—*fuck*—yours, yours, *y-yours...*”

Dream suddenly slows his pace, thrusts becoming nothing more than a hard press forward every few seconds, the sound of slick lube softly squelching with each draw.

The only thing George can do is writhe as long fingers ram deep inside, licks of fire shuddering up his spine in waves of burning stimulation. Then, slick fingers pull out, scooping a dribble of lube that pushes past the taut muscle before plunging inside again.

It’s obscene in every way; moans being coaxed from the back of George’s throat, thighs desperate to press closed but are barely held open by a strong hand—and when Dream twists his palm up to the ceiling, angling deep for the other’s prostate, a silent cry falls from perfect pink.

And George begs for another, sputtering helplessly as tears begin to spill over. “Oh, *please!* More—I wan’ more, pl’s...”

“Yeah?” Dream can only smile with a dark sense of control as he speaks. His fingers pull away, leaving George to clench around emptiness. “And I want to see your pretty ass in the air again.”

The slick coating on his fingers swipes over the underside of ivory thighs, Dream’s grip powerful as he scoots back on his knees, quickly flipping George over in one simple movement.

With the same strength, he hooks his hands under the front of George’s hips, tugging him up, so his ass was high in the air like it had been before.

George’s chest falls flush with the mattress, turning his head to press his cheek into a silk-laden pillowcase. The slick feel of something that definitely *isn’t* tan fingers or a velvet tongue prods at his hole, catching on the rim to pull a soft moan from the depths of his chest before it’s gone.

His cock is aching hard between his legs, flushed red with a pathetic sheen of slickness at the head. Precum drips onto the bed, staining white sheets with traces of muddled desire—and it hurts, *it hurts so fucking bad*, and George knows it wouldn’t dull over soon.

There’s a small hum from behind, familiar fingers trailing over tautness, spreading translucent lube as a vulgar sound leaves Dream’s mouth, George gasping at the sudden splay of spit.

Large hands then move to the round of his ass, delivering a short squeeze that is hard enough to leave a mark in the disguise of white flesh. And with a slap to the skin, and yelp falling from George’s lips, Dream finally dips two fingers past the soft pink rim again—the added spit mixed with the easy slide of lube allows for a third to press in alongside.

The stretch burns in a pleasurable way, Dream pushing to the hilt, his other hand resting on the small of George’s back.

“You all good, princess?” he asks, checking in with his pretty boy, having gone a little quiet.

George mewls. “Please—why did you...” He sits up on wobbly arms. “Why the f-fuck did you stop?”

“You went quiet,” Dream circles his thumb just above the dimple in George’s back. “Needed to know if you were okay, baby.”

Frustrated from the lack of long fingers plunging in and out of him, George groans out, impulsive words slipping from his tongue before he could stop them—even through the barely-there waver in his voice.

“Well, I won’t be i-if you don’t get back to *fucking* me.”

The barest curl of thickness inside has him moaning deafeningly, arms buckling as he falls back onto the bed.

Dream leans over his small frame, breath fanning over the slope of a pale neck. “Watch your fucking tone with me, brat,” he spits meanly.

George’s response is lost in the pillows, heavy moans, and soft whines tugged from his throat as Dream thrusts his fingers in and out mercilessly. And it’s *so much more* than he anticipated.

He expected soft touches and gentle holds teetered on the edge of rough for their first time. Expected nervous words and shy blushes, hands too hesitant to ruin pristine perfect skin and leave alabaster a marble shade of purple and red. George expected the promises of being fucked silly to be kept until later in the week.

He did *not*, however, expect rough hands to be so strong, bruising the bone of his hips with the calloused burn of thumbs, or mean, degrading words whispered into his ear while he's fucked senseless on thick fingers.

But he isn't complaining.

Experienced hands draw the prettiest of whimpers and high-strung moans, the continuous jabs to his prostate almost overbearing as he tries to roll his hips back in time with the thrusts.

"M close," George whines, warm lips kissing up the length of his spine. "Please—*so c-close*."

"Yeah?" Dream teases, twisting his fingers, spreading them apart in a way he knows will drive George crazy. "Gonna cum on my fingers, baby? Make a mess of yourself before getting my cock?"

With diligent nods of his head, George sputters weakly. "Pl'se—*please!*"

He's right on edge, so fucking close to his second orgasm, fucking himself back onto Dream's fingers to chase the red hot arousal of his release. And then—

"Too fucking bad."

A high whine resigns in his throat, clenching around an aching emptiness when Dream draws his hand away. Heavy breaths and light whimpers are spilled into a pillow, small body trembling as he finally breaks, hands laced with silk.

"Please! *Fuck*, I wanna cum, Dream— Ple'se, ne-need your cock. Wan'a be full, wan' feel you... *Fuck, please! Oh my god.*"

Calloused hands situate themselves on his hips, gentle with their movements as they ghost up the side of pale ribs, flattening against George's sternum. Dream pulls him up, so his back is pressed flush to a toned chest, and soft lips can brush over the shell of his ears.

Open-mouthed kisses mold their way onto marble skin, Dream oh-so-tenderly planting his essence on the side of George's neck.

"Next time," Dream starts, voice rough as he maneuvers one arm to hold George up, the other dancing down to a weeping cock, "don't be such a brat. Maybe then you'll get my cock faster."

Dream's palm curls around the tip of aching hardness, cupping it ever slowly as George mewls at the air with a resounding plea. Benevolent lips press into the supple skin of his shoulder, ivory teeth sinking in with benign intent while Dream twists his hand with barely enough care in the world.

The warning passes through George's head without hazardous cause, too caught up in his own wants and needs to care about *next time*.

"Please," George whimpers at the ceiling. "Fuck me, Clay—I want y-you... I'll be so good, I promise."

With the idiom of his name whispered from a sugar-coated tongue, Dream groans into alabaster, high and *rough*—a harmony of delicate whimpers strung out in tandem with feeble moans.

"*God*, you have no *fucking clue* what you do to me."

“S-Show me,” George arches his back, pushing his ass against the hardness that’s been left untouched since their expenditures on luxurious furniture. “Show me w-what I do.”

With a final kiss placed on George’s clavicle, the hand around his cock flees in the urgency of Dream taking hold of his own. His figure barely leans back, a wet sound falling upon deaf ears, and then, there’s a feeling of something slick, something unimaginably throbbing to be inside tautness, sliding over his entrance—a sweet gasp being coaxed from the depths of his chest.

The hold around George’s torso becomes tighter, the boy tilting his head to rest on a broad shoulder as the head of Dream’s cock catches on his rim.

“You ready, angel?” Dream asks, voice tender, though laced with obvious restraint.

One eager nod and a whisper of “*please*” later, and Dream is slowly pushing the spit-slicked head of his cock past the tight muscle of *George*.

He sinks inside gradually, George choking out a throaty gasp into the air as he’s split open by the largeness, and the stretch could almost burn—hell, it *does* burn—but the minuscules of pain easily slip into flutters of pleasure and soft whimpers laced with unsteady breaths.

Dream is big; that’s been evident from the very first time George saw him unveiled and completely vulnerable—but no toy, no amount of fingers, not even the damn *fucking machine* could’ve stretched him enough for the real thing.

The subtle arch of George’s back begs for Dream to go deeper, feeling so fucking full already, body completely overwhelmed with the swirl of strawberry arousal that tangles every nerve together. It strings him along, pulls apart in jolting ripples, before knotting itself tightly in a bundle of axons low in his stomach.

Shaky hands find their way somewhere behind, latching onto Dream’s hips for dear life, uncut nails leaving pretty crescent shapes in a sea of constellated freckles. And when Dream finally sinks to the hilt, George thinks all of the air has been punched from his lungs.

“Fu-ck,” he moans out unsteadily. “*Shit*, you’re... you’re so *fucking big*.”

“Yeah?” George can hear the smirk in Dream’s voice—and the confidence. “Does it feel like I’m splitting you open, baby?”

George whimpers softly, attempting to nod his head where it rests against broadness. “F-Feels like you’re gonna break me...” he trails off, breath catching in his throat. “So good—*fuck*—please fuck me, D-Dream.”

The words fall from his lips with a sickening sweet edge, his begs being obeyed when Dream draws his hips back, just as slow as he had been pushing in. Dream’s cock barely pulls past the taut rim, threatening to slip out before he slams back inside, squeezing a rippled moan tempting on the verge of a pleased scream.

It sends a plethora of roses blooming over pale skin, pretty pink lips splitting open from the unexpected gesture—though it isn’t unwelcome.

His head tilts forward, eyes fluttering shut as his nails drag over tan hips, crimson red streaks engraved with invisible strokes of cursive letters swirling out George’s name.

Dream pulls back, slick sounds of almost dry spit and excessive lube from way before reverberating from beige walls and onto deaf ears. His cock drags along the sensitive inside of

George's frailty, running over spots that the brunet couldn't reach with his own pathetic fingers or the large dildos that Dream bought him.

And George swears all the stars in the galaxy explode when Dream pushes back inside with the same force as before, the head of the blond's cock hitting his prostate with a calculated angle.

Dainty hands have no place to wander when the thrusts become quicker, left to be nothing more than useless as George is fucked into oblivion by his best friend slash subtle lover. Dream has no mind to care about such things, soft groans mixing with pretty moans he had only ever heard through his headphones.

And to think that *this*—the physical intimacy of heated kisses and soft moans curled to the sweetness of each other's names—would be gone in a week. That George would be flying back to London, leaving blistering feelings behind to become separated by the mellowed glow of pixelated screens once more—brings a pensive claimant over George.

Rough hands then fly to a small waist, George tumbling forward into plush pillows from no longer being held in a possessively tight grasp. And Dream's new grip is almost bruising, fingertips digging into supple skin hard enough to turn the epidermis red.

And just barely, George is able to get something of minor coherence to fall past his lips other than strained moans.

"Dr'm—" he cuts off with a gasp. "W-Wan' see you..."

Dream doesn't think twice about it, pulling out almost immediately to help George turn over on his back. His hands hook underneath small legs, tugging the other down, so his hips angled upwards, and the underside of his thighs rested over Dream's own.

He lines his cock up with George's hole, pushing inside with little resistance. The tightness clenching around him as he rocks his hips at a steady pace has a low moan drawn from the bottom parts of his chest, gaze trailing down—and holy fucking hell.

The unlawful sight he's met with is nearly indescribable, a gentle intrusion poking out of the brunet's lower abdomen, matching each of his thrusts. Dream's limbs move on their own accord, reaching out to cup a palm over the subtle bulge that protrudes from George's form.

"Holy *shit*, baby," he rasps, pressing down firmly to feel where he enters George's stomach. "You're so small; you can hardly take me."

George whines at the newfound pressure on his gut, lifting a dizzy head to watch the center of Dream's attention, shaky moans spilling with the glistening shine of spit past parted lips.

"S that you?" he utters, broken and slurred and fucked out beyond rational belief.

Dream doesn't reply, favoring a tight squeeze around his buried length and groaning when George tilts his head back—a necklace of purple amethyst marks lacing a pale throat, a swarm of desperate possession coaxing even deeper thrusts.

The brunet's back arches impossibly higher, narrow shoulder blades slicing deep crimson clips into the mattress.

There's a sharp sting against alabaster ankles when the hand leaves his stomach, and Dream's grasp is firm, bruises forming under the solid hold of undisciplined fingers. Frail legs are parted even wider, lifted even *higher*, blood rushing to his brain as Dream stakes his claim on the purple

talus.

The angle allows Dream to hit deeper, abusing his prostate with each sharp jab he thrusts into the brunet, and George doesn't think he'll last much longer with the outsourced blood flowing back to his cock.

"I'm—*shit!*—'m g'na cum, Dreamie," he cuts off with a gasp as Dream stills and grinds himself against the sensitive bundle of nerves, riveting stimulation in the strained groans that spills from a honeyed tongue. "D-Don't stop, please, *ple—*"

"Why shouldn't I?" A sharp jab and a broken moan dare to push George off the edge. "You've been nothing but a fucking *nuisance* all night." Another harsh thrust. "So tell me, why should I let you cum?"

The whine George lets out at the soul-crushing question—loud, teetering on the edge of a sob—is almost enough to make Dream give in, but a spew of slurred words fall out into the open air, dangerous when they land on red-tinted ears.

"Because I'll stay!" George cries, knees threatening to bend against the hold the other has around his ankles. "I-I'll stay here... be a-a good boy for you. Let you fu—*ah!* Let you fuck me, and-and use me w-whenever you want—*fuck!* Just pl-please let me cum!"

That promise—the promise of staying here, in Florida, letting Dream use him like a cocksleeve whenever he wants, be *Dream's* little cockwarmer, and let Dream take him out for as many ice cream dates at two am as his heart desires, so long as he stays.

That promise situates itself in the front of Dream's mind, hips stuttering as searing white flashes pierce his skin. His hands slide down from ankles to pull the back of George's calves flush to his chest, arms wrapping around frailness to keep himself grounded as his cock pulses inside of George.

"*Fuck,*" Dream draws, voice edged with an ebon-like rasp, and even if he wanted to stop himself from painting the other's insides white, his orgasm was lost in the way of *George*.

For once, Dream is too caught up in his chase for desperate pleasure even to notice that George is cumming, too. Though he does hear the blistered screaming of his name—*his real name*—and he doesn't think he'll ever get tired of hearing how broken syllables drip past strawberry lips.

He fucks them both through their orgasms, only stopping when there are half-muttered begs of mercy falling from George's tongue. And when Dream pulls out, gently resting trembling legs back on the bed, he can't help but admire how pasted white cum spills from a pink rim.

Dream swipes two of his fingers over the still stretched hole, gathering an obscene amount of his cum, guiding it up to a willing mouth, and pushing past bitten-raw flesh.

A soft hum of content echoes through the almost quiet bedroom, a velvet tongue swirling around thick fingers, licking them clean—and if it wasn't the hottest sight for Dream to see (other than his cock bulging from George's stomach).

"You're so fucking beautiful," Dream mumbles, dragging his fingers down, the pads catching on the other's bottom lip.

And he can't help but to want to savor the essence of himself on a pretty tongue, relish in possession of having George fucking *taste like him*. And the aftermath of vanilla ice cream turns bitter but sweet nonetheless, lingering flames of heated passion pressed against his lips.

But when a toned stomach brushes over the sensitivity of George's cock, he whines, pushing Dream away with a breathless smile.

"Thank you," he whispers.

Dream tilts his head to the side, propping himself up with his hands. "For what, princess?"

"I dunno. Maybe for taking me out to get ice cream at two in the morning." George reaches a hand out, cupping the other's face, thumb swiping over freckled cheekbones. "And for tonight."

"Yeah?" A soft, silly grin slides over Dream's lips—the familiar teasing of George's best friend coming out to play. "What was your favorite part, angel?"

With a roll of his eyes, George lightly pushes the other's face away, a pout situating on a sugar-caned mouth as he huffs. The crackle of a laugh rings out, Dream straightening his back as he sits up, hands splaying over a small chest.

There's a moment of silence, thick with red and white sparks of intimacy and sensuality, green eyes tracing a bruised neck. Then, Dream pipes up.

"Did you mean it?"

George hums. "Mean what?"

"That you would stay here? With me?" Dream's voice is hesitant, gentle words coaxed with a nervous edge as if he's expecting the worst. "Or... Or was that just some ruse so I would allow you to cum?"

"Well, that depends," the brunet murmurs. "Do you want me to stay?"

Gentle taps thud against his stomach, the two boys seeming content with laying exposed, completely vulnerable to each other's eyes. And the glint of happiness that sparks behind forest green is almost addictive, Dream looking akin to a lost puppy.

"I mean, yeah, of course, I do. But..." he trails off, lost for words.

"But what, Dream?"

Another second of silence passes, then, "I don't think I could stay away from you if you were to move here."

Then another, and George is sliding his palm into Dream's—*he really is small*.

"So..." George draws out slowly. "Are you gonna ask me to move in with you?"

Dream shakes his head, rubbing circles into soft skin. "No—I'm gonna ask you to be my boyfriend first. Then maybe I'll ask Patches if you can move in."

"Oh, so Patches is the ruler of the house?" the brunet pretends to be offended. "I thought that was you?"

"Nope, sorry, princess. Patches is the queen of this domain."

Light laughs and playful giggles ring out, Dream leaning in close, his other hand folding with George's before they're pinned down against a mattress. Bitten-raw lips interlock in a gentle kiss—almost too fond of being shared between best friends.

But they haven't been just *best friends*, have they?

"Be my boyfriend," Dream whispers against a pink mouth.

George laughs tenderly, giving a chaste kiss to the corner of Dream's lips. "Ask me nicely."

"Princess," the blond murmurs, "will you be mine?"

A graceful hum echoes out, dripping with sugary sarcasm. "I don't see why not." George pauses, giving another kiss. "But tell Patches I'm gonna move in no matter what—I don't care what she says."

"I'll take it into consideration."

For the rest of the short night, the silly whining of George complaining about how Dream cleaned them up, smacking the blond on his shoulder when he offered to *eat him out again* to rid the sticky cum from between small legs.

The morning comes in rays of soft pink and golden honey dripping through the slithers of curtain-covered windows.

And to be perfectly honest, George is content with all of his desires finally coming undone—especially at the hands of his boyfriend.

Chapter End Notes

they <3

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End Notes

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